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Contents

The Week 237

Editorials

Congress vs. President 240
Disarmament: Not Yet 241
The March of the Twenty Thousand 243

General Articles

Poland: the New Menace to European Peace ..... Emery Deri 245
Idols (verse) ..... Witter Bynner 247
Who Is the Owner of This Child? ..... Miriam van Waters 248
Mouth-Conscious America ..... Philip Wagner 250
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 252
The Federation of the World ..... Gilbert Seldes 253
Steamer Letter (verse) ..... Grace Hazard Conkling 254
Pilgrims of the Sky ..... Stark Young 254
Noon (verse) ..... Robinson Jeffers 255

Correspondence 256

Reviews of Books

A Christian Man of the World ..... Robert Morss Lovett 258
Past Wars and Rumors of New Ones ..... John Bakeless 259
The Children's Dilemma ..... Agnes de Lima 260
The Marco Polo of Lost Cities ..... Eunice Tietjens 261
Leadership ..... C. Hartley Grattan 262
Conrad Aiken's Poetry ..... Glenn Hughes 262
Short Stories ..... Dorothy Bacon Woolsey 262

The Week

NO ONE ever accused Winston Churchill of being a soft-hearted liberal willing to subordinate the interest of his own country to that of others, yet in the final negotiations with Caillaux over the war debt settlement he granted concessions in the name of Britain which the French are demanding, apparently in vain, from the United States. In case Germany fails to meet scheduled reparations payments Great Britain will reopen the question of payments from France. Transfers will not be permitted if they endanger the exchange value of the franc. The government will not, by bond issue or otherwise, pass over its claims to private citizens. These safeguards taken together open the gate wide to future revision of promises to pay which probably cannot be met. Secretary Mellon announces that the projected request of France for similar concessions from us cannot be considered by the debt funding commission because it has completed its labors and passed over to Congress the Mellon-Berenger agreement. France must approach Congress in the matter, which does not meet again until December. Just how a foreign government can approach Congress except through diplomatic channels and the executive is not clear. And it is not clear what would stand in the way of the President if he wished to recommend alterations. Secretary Mellon this summer will take a "vacation" abroad. The chances are that in spite of outward obduracy, something will be arranged. In the meantime we are uselessly earning the reputation of a Shylock among nations.

THE prolonged strain of the British coal crisis is breaking down the steady nerve with which that country is wont to meet its emergencies. Early in the week the government, through Viscount Cecil, gave notice that it would not accelerate the passage of the bill permitting the increase of the mine workers' day to eight hours, because of the attitude of the Yorkshire owners who proposed to return to the 1921 division of surplus in the ratio of eighty-five to wages and fifteen to profits instead of eighty-seven and thirteen respectively, as established in 1924. The owners, however, reconsidered their position and accepted the 1924 ratio, whereupon the government pressed the bill through Commons and Lords, and in addition carried a measure to appropriate £3,000,000 as a revolving fund to pay for the importation of coal. The debate on this bill was accompanied by bitter personal attacks on ministers, particularly Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, and Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health, in which it was alleged that their attitude toward the coal crisis was influenced by their business interests.

THE third reading of the eight hours bill in the Commons was accompanied by violent personalities, but the House of Lords furnished the most striking break with British legislative decorum. There the discussion of the bill was maintained by the Labor peers, Lords Parmoor, Arnold, Thompson and De La Warr. The Conservative peers, impatient to be free for evening social engagements, interrupted Lord Parmoor with cries of "divide," and Lord Robert Cecil and others contemptuously withdrew

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from the House. When Lord Arnold rose to continue, Lord Salisbury, the government leader, rushed into the chamber and as Lord Arnold hesitated, quickly moved the closure. This motion the Lord Chancellor entertained in spite of Lord Arnold's protest, and it was carried. Labor members of the House of Commons who had gathered to watch the debate cried "Shame," and "Four hours for you and eight for the miners."

WHEN the House of Commons was summoned in a body to the House of Lords to hear the royal assent given to the bill the disorder came to a head. The phrase of "Le Roi le veult" was answered by cries of "Bon soir," and "Honi soit qui mal y pense"; and there was fighting in the corridors. There is often a time in the history of revolutionary movements when the sheer effrontery of the ruling class puts a final and unendurable strain on the patience of those who suffer under their oppression and inefficiency. The French noblesse gave notable instances of this insolence of privilege before it went to the guillotine or over the Rhine. The British aristocracy has always shown its wisdom in refraining from such provocative behavior, but last week's proceedings in Parliament suggest the moment of madness with which the gods anticipate their vengeance. The peers who ostentatiously put the pleasures of their own dinner tables before the consideration of the case of the starving miners may have cause to remember that Foulon who told the starving people of Paris to eat grass.

THE request of a large number of Senators from all parties that the Federal Trade Commission investigate recent mergers and report on ways and means of preventing or controlling them in the public interest is one that should be taken very seriously. The Federal Trade Commission, though it was created to define and administer the anti-trust laws and to put a sadly needed concrete meaning into our policy with regard to combinations, has largely frittered away its limited abilities and energies in minor issues and has by default left its major job to the courts, which are unfitted to pursue it. In the Federal Trade Commission itself there has been, as in public opinion in general, a sterile division between advocates of as much competition as possible and those who believe in allowing big business to do about what it pleases. The law as at present phrased and interpreted is illogical from both points of view. What should be our policy in the matter? How should the law be amended? How should its administration be effected to relieve the Commission from the burden of an impossible job? If the Commission will give Congress intelligent guidance on the matter it will perform a most useful public service.

ONE of the acts of the Coolidge administration during the past year, for which it received much credit, was its stand against the consolidation of various baking companies into a gigantic bread trust. Whether its action was a genuine move against illegal combination or mere camouflage under cover of which the criminals are escaping prosecution will be investigated by the judiciary committee of the Senate. According to Senator La Follette, Federal Judge Soper was induced to dismiss the charges of violation of the Clayton act by the Continental Baking Corporation on the ground that similar charges were then pending before the Federal Trade Commission. In fact the Commission had by a two to one vote dismissed the complaint and had notified Attorney General Sargent of the fact. The Continental is extending its monopoly rapidly, while the Trade Commission and the Department of Justice are apparently engaged in a game of collusion which need not be further characterized.

COLONEL Carmi Thompson, President Coolidge's personal representative investigating conditions in the Philippines, ought to learn that the first duty of a student is to study. Hardly had he landed at Manila before a stream of interviews and statements began to come back to the United States telling what he has found, expects to find, and feels he ought to find. As soon as his feet touched the soil he began to report the lack of any real desire among the Filipinos for independence. On the contrary, what they seem to the worthy Colonel to want is primarily a chance to grow rubber for the United States. It is not unlikely that Colonel Thompson has been made the object of a successful propaganda barrage by Americans who oppose setting the islands free. In any case, he would make a better impression if he held his fire until he has been on the ground at least long enough to have more than a tourist's picture postcard knowledge. His rash promptitude suggests too much that he was sent to the Philippines not to find out what is going on there, but to endorse our present policy and urge its extension.

CONCORD, Mass., bears a name not unknown to the annals of American liberty. Peculiar interest attaches therefore to an outbreak among the residents of that community which was apparently based on the determination to repudiate the town's historic rôle. Concord was recently chosen by the Fellowship of Youth for Peace as the seat of a ten-day conference for the study of peace and international relations. It was attended by students from several New England colleges, and primarily intended for them, though as a courtesy the sessions were also open to the public. From first to last the conferees were subject to incessant annoyances which put a serious black mark against the courtesy and hospitality of the city. Local representatives of the American Legion sought to prevent organizations possessing meeting halls from making these

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available; the registration list of the conference was stolen; an attempt was made to cut the electric light wires leading to the church which, despite the Legion's protest, had offered its hospitality to the visitors. The intelligence used in cutting the wires was not equal to the zeal, and those leading to a hospital were cut instead. Finally, hoodlums hiding in the dark threw rotten eggs and stones at the conferees. One young woman was struck in the eye, and several persons had their clothing ruined.

THE American Legion has denied responsibility for the vandalism. It cannot, however, deny responsibility for fomenting the state of mind out of which that vandalism grew. It also participated in a remarkable "patriotic meeting" held after the close of the conference, at which several speakers, most of whom admitted that they had no personal knowledge of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, made a series of idiotic statements about it, accusing it of being communistic, of being subsidized and under orders from Moscow, of seeking to break down religion and sexual morality. These charges, we do not need to tell our readers, are unqualifiedly false, and intelligent people, or people who had taken any trouble to find out the facts, would not make them. The Fellowship of Youth for Peace is an earnest organization of young people who believe that war is a barbarous, anti-Christian means of settling disputes and that some other method is possible and desirable. They believe, and history certainly bears them out in their belief, that extensive preparation for war is not a means of preserving peace. Whether you agree with them or not they are entitled to a fair and free expression of their views. Their opponents, needless to say, are entitled to the same right, but they should refrain from attacks almost exclusively composed of falsehood. We are sorry that the latter method should have been the one resorted to in Concord.

AT least twenty-eight persons killed, many more injured, and a hundred million dollar destruction of property are some of the fruits of the explosion at the naval ammunition depot at Lake Denmark, N. J. The accident, the result of a heavy bolt of lightning, is called by the experts unavoidable, which may or may not be true. If it could not have been prevented, that is all the more reason why the government should put an end to its disastrous policy of locating ammunition supplies in the midst of heavily populated districts. The Lake Denmark affair is one of a long series of such accidents in which the property and lives of civilians as well as soldiers and sailors have been destroyed. The authorities who, year in and year out, permit such risks to be run show a callous disregard of the value of human life which, however appropriate to the military mind, ought not to be allowed to go on manufacturing catastrophes.

THE Kansas City Star, and its morning edition, The Times, have been sold to a syndicate representing the present editors and managers. The price was $11,000,000, a sum which would have seemed fantastic for any newspaper two decades ago. Of this amount $2,500,000 is to be paid in cash and the balance at the rate of $675,000 a year, which includes interest at 5 percent. The paper should easily earn enough to meet the payments. There were seven unsuccessful bidders. When the Chicago Daily News was sold a few months ago, the Victor Lawson estate rejected a bid several million dollars higher than the successful one, in order to keep the paper in the hands of the existing management, and it is not unlikely that something of the same sort attended the sale of The Star. Colonel Nelson, The Star's late owner, shared with Frank A. Munsey the extraordinary respect for art which is sometimes found among those who know nothing whatever about it. The $11,000,000 derived from the sale of the papers will all be devoted to buying art for the people of Kansas City.

COLONEL NELSON was one of three publishers of successful and important newspapers who have in the recent past shown an extraordinary lack of public responsibility and vision in disposing of their properties. Like Munsey and Lawson he seemed completely indifferent to the future of his newspaper and that of the workers on it, some of whom had devoted their lives to its service. Two of these three men ordered their papers sold, and the third was not sufficiently interested, seemingly, to leave any directions whatever as to its disposal. All three men made large public gifts in their communities, ignoring the obvious fact that the continuance of a good newspaper is of infinitely greater value than additional contributions to art museums or charities. From time to time there is some debate among newspaper men as to whether journalism may properly be called a profession. We should like to hear the views on that subject of some of the Munsey, Lawson or Nelson editors who still face or have barely escaped the prospect of being, in Arthur Brisbane's phrase, "sold with the plantation."

IN THEIR recent convention the railway shop workers and other A. F. of L. unions affiliated with the Railway Employes' Department took an unprecedented step. They voted that in future meetings a session should be devoted to hearing papers by representatives of labor and other experts on important problems facing the movement, and to discussion of these papers. Among the subjects specified are stabilization of employment, education of the membership to organization affairs, training of apprentices both for their work and for participation in union activities, organization of non-union workers, methods of conducting negotiations with employers. Thus the rank-and-file delegates will

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have an opportunity to tackle in an effective way some of the larger jobs most intimately connected with the proper functioning of the union. The convention also took a step toward more effective unity in the industry by authorizing the Executive Council, consisting of the Presidents of the several international unions concerned, to act in crises without specific authorization from a convention. They voted also for a general organization campaign and for a thorough trial of the new railway labor act.

THE Sacco-Vanzetti defense has been granted a further extension of time in which to examine and present the new evidence brought into the case by the confession of Celestino Madeiros. Meanwhile a suggestion made by the Boston Herald is worthy of consideration. In view of the interest which the case has aroused all over the world, the Herald proposes that Governor Fuller appoint a commission of three men to go over the evidence, "to decide, upon a wider scope than even the supreme judicial court, whether a reason exists for a stay of the sentence." Such an extra-judicial proceeding may be the process by which the case can be restored to the realm of judicial decision. As the matter stands it can not be denied that Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested when engaged in activities in behalf of a man toward whom the government acted the part of criminal; that the proceedings against them bear many of the well known marks of the frame-up; that prejudice was shown against them during the trial; and that enough doubt has been cast upon the evidence on which they were convicted to justify, according to the principles laid down by the Chief Justice of Massachusetts, a retrial. The attitude of the authorities of the state now appears to be a matter of psychology rather than of justice. The Herald continues, "We do not like to have our judicial decisions upset by popular clamor here or abroad; at the same time we wish to do no injustice." Clearly the latter consideration far outweighs the former. It is the acute suspicion of injustice which causes and justifies the clamor.

THE New York World calls attention to a situation arising in consequence of the action of the Texas Legislature against the teaching of evolution. By request of the State Textbook Commission alterations have been made in biological works to fit them for Texas consumption. In Moon's Biology for Beginners, published by Henry Holt and Company, four chapters dealing with the evolution of man have been cut out, and the word "evolution" has been replaced throughout by "development." In Healthful Living by Jessie Feiren Williams, published by the Macmillan Company, changes in the text have been made to avoid the use of the hateful word; e. g. "Animals in their evolution from lower to higher forms of life have increased their power to move about" has been changed to "Through the many generations of their existence animals have increased" etc.

AN interesting question arises as to the ethical responsibility of authors and publishers. If, as Ruskin thought, there is a point of honor characteristic of every profession, which bids the soldier die rather than desert his post, the lawyer die rather than do or connive at injustice, the teacher die rather than disseminate error, clearly authors and publishers of textbooks should die as far as Texas is concerned. But obviously Texas will then develop her own school of thought, and write her own textbooks. A boycott of Texas by all men and women of learning would leave the field to the local intelligentsia, with results which can be imagined. Organized invasion of the state by intellectual forces would merely stiffen its resistance. National legislation in behalf of freedom of teaching would surely provoke the historic Southern response of nullification. On the whole the only feasible remedy seems to be intellectual bootlegging, by which the law can be turned against the very policy which it tries to define. Martyrs to truth may yet flourish in Texas.

Congress vs. President

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S animadversions on Congress are in a sense true to the tradition of recent American history. About the middle of every term, the President begins to be sorely troubled by the legislature. He has been elected at the same time with the House of Representatives and one-third of the Senate, and on the same platform. He is the recognized head of his party; during the campaign nothing is said that would lead the voter to suppose that he was producing any different result by casting a ballot for Congressman than by casting one for Presidential electors. Congressmen seek the approval of the candidate for chief executive; they laud him in their speeches.

Yet inside of two years a conflict of some sort usually appears. The personnel of the legislature may be changed slightly, but not enough to account for the breach. Sometimes the House or the Senate registers more sensitively popular demands of the moment; it has to face an interim election. Sometimes it is concerned with its prestige and prerogatives. Sometimes Congress is further from the people and closer to the purse-strings. But whatever the cause, it plainly appears that our constitutional system is not a parliamentary one in which the executive is dependent on the legislature and falls when its policy is defeated in the popular chamber. It becomes evident that we have an independent executive, a system of checks and balances. And whether the opposition party gains con-

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trol of Congress in the biennial election, or a breach widens in the party nominally in control, the checking and balancing between the President and Congress usually results in confusion and inaction during the last two years of the term.

We all remember that it was to be different this time. Mr. Coolidge began with a carefully calculated policy to keep Congress in line. Unlike Roosevelt, who spoke loudly and did little execution, he spoke softly and carried a big stick. His soft speaking was to the effect that Congress was an independent branch of the government, that he expected it to do its own work, that he would not coerce it. His big stick consisted of his enormous majority and his popularity, especially with those who provide campaign funds. Its business end was the tight organization of the House of Representatives under the new rules and Speaker Longworth, and intimate conversations with Senate leaders. All this worked fairly well as far as the big issue of the campaign went—"economy" and tax reduction. Even the Democrats were frightened into following his leadership on this issue. But with taxes out of the way, disintegration has been rapid. As has frequently been pointed out in our columns, Congress has thwarted the President's will on almost every other important issue except the World Court. There is every prospect that it will continue to do so next December.

So long as he can prevent Congress from taking action which he disapproves, Mr. Coolidge probably does not care greatly how little other action it takes. It suits his temperament and the business program to have the government do as little as possible. But he does care about saving his own prestige and that of his party for 1928. He does not wish to have Democrats or insurgents gain enough foothold this fall to create real danger two years hence. What, then, was he to do? It has been freely charged that the insubordination of this Congress has severely injured his prestige. He might, therefore, have taken the strong line, and soundly berated those who refused to follow him. But that obviously is not his rôle. He began by issuing a statement which looked like an attempt to get out from under. Congress, he said again, is free and independent; it can do what it likes. I cannot coerce it. The trouble with the repetition of his soft speech in these circumstances, however, was that it implied not praise but blame of the legislature. It would tend to offend sensibilities and weaken what control he had left without arousing the embattled popular support which a different President might have commanded with a ringing denunciation. Apparently the mistake was soon seen, for it was followed by an attempt to conceal the breach. Congress, said the Presidential spokesman next, has done an admirable job. Remember taxes; remember the World Court; remember the railroad labor act. Thus by picking out the only three important issues in which he was successful —the last of which, by the way, did not originate with him, but with labor and executives in the industry—Mr. Coolidge hoped to aid the election of his supporters and make himself solid once more with the wavering legislators. The latter aim was especially obvious in that the statement contained a large package of praise for Senator Curtis, the Republican floor leader, who has notably been disgruntled and has disagreed with several Presidential policies.

It is hardly likely, however, that these tactics will help much. They would not, even if there were nothing at issue but the mid-western farm revolt. But there are rumors and signs of a more serious schism. Now that the tax bill is out of the way, naturally competitive forces which united to pass it may drift apart in a struggle for control of the party. There were important personages who wanted to make Mr. Dawes President. They were disappointed in 1924 by a combination of circumstances, but they still may seek a representative in the White House. Mr. Dawes, while Mr. Coolidge was opposing the Haugen bill, was flirting with the corn belt. Now Mr. Coolidge openly expresses his disapproval of Mr. Dawes's plan for reforming the Senate rules. Such things would not happen in a wholly united plutocracy.

Whatever the developments, however, the federal governmental machine seems to be doomed for the next two years to the futility which has lately appeared to be the inevitable accompaniment of our system of checks and balances. We do not advocate a constitutional change to the parliamentary system; that also has its inhibitions. But we do believe our system would work better if each of the two chief parties were not so much a congeries of divergent interests heading up into an election machinery which maintains its unity when possible by Presidential discipline; if they were animated more—as at present in Great Britain—by real issues and positive programs.

Disarmament: Not Yet

THE work of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament at Geneva has come to a standstill. It would not be far from the truth to say that it has broken down. Technically, the Military Committee has adjourned for the remainder of this month. The Preparatory Commission itself adjourned some weeks ago to await satisfactory reports by its committees, of which the military is the most important. Actually, the divergencies in point of view are so vast, and the present European situation so fraught with danger that even the work of the Preparatory Commission seems sure to come to nothing; while the Disarmament Conference has receded far into the future and become only a not very bright utopian dream.

No intelligent person need be surprised, or made

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particularly pessimistic, by this development. In the present state of affairs in Europe such an outcome was inevitable. It was repeatedly predicted in the pages of the New Republic before the meeting of the Preliminary Commission began. On the whole it probably would have been wiser to postpone the discussion of armament reduction until Germany joins the League and the Locarno agreements come into effect; but this statement cannot be made with much confidence. After all, even if the Preparatory Commission has failed to function and the conference itself is indefinitely postponed, the world is no worse off, and a renewal of war is no more likely, than if the effort had not been made. Indeed, we are probably aided by knowing clearly the enormous difficulties confronting us, and how far apart are the points of view of the chief nations on this important aspect of the fight against war.

The present effort, inasmuch as it is the fourth attempt in four years to use the League machinery for an attack on the interrelated questions of disarmament and security, can best be understood in the light of antecedent events. In 1923, as our readers will remember, the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the Cecil-Requin plan, was put forward. It provided for mutual aid against aggression, and suggested regional compacts as an additional bulwark for peace. Eighteen powers accepted this treaty in principle; but so many objections were made from so many quarters that real agreement was seen to be impossible and the plan dropped. In 1924 came the Geneva Protocol, in the preparation of which plans prepared by an American group played a not unimportant part. Again eighteen nations signified their approval, but the enterprise was wrecked when the new Conservative government of Great Britain rejected it decisively. The ground was that the commitments it required as to military and naval operations and the exercise of boycotts against aggressors, were too rigid and might serve to upset, among others, Anglo-American relations. In the same year an attempt was made, under the auspices of the League, to extend the principles of the Washington naval treaty to non-signatory powers, an attempt which came to nothing. In 1925 came the most notable achievement of all, the signing of the Locarno treaties. If, as now seems likely, Germany can be brought into the League this autumn, the Locarno agreements will have most important effects; and they have in fact already exercised a stabilizing influence in anticipation. Among other things, they have put an end to the industrious French propaganda about Germany's failure to disarm, about vast subterranean manufacture of war materials, of which so much was heard a year or two ago. The very fact that this talk has stopped is sufficient comment on the degree of truth it contained.

The high gods must allow themselves an ironical smile when they note that the only important European countries which today are free from a crushing burden of armaments are the losers in the Great War: Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. Germany, with her army and navy limited to a total of 115,000 men, with submarines, airplanes and conscription abolished, has since 1920 avoided a vast expenditure which all the victors have continued to make. The total force of Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria combined is only 85,000. These figures may be compared to the 262,000 soldiers and sailors now on active duty in Italy, the British Empire's 295,000, France's 743,000. The only practicable way to disarm at present, apparently, is to be defeated in the field.

That this is hardly an exaggeration may be perceived when we study the activities of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament. The more one looks into the subject the vaster appear the difficulties in the way of trying, not to disarm, but merely to reduce armaments in a way which shall give each nation the degree of "protection" to which it is entitled. No sooner had the Commission begun to operate than it found itself confronted by a host of questions of a technical or semi-technical character. What are "armaments"? How can defensive preparations be distinguished from offensive? Should the commission consider peace-time strength, or strength available at the outset of a war, or final strength when all the resources of a nation have been utilized? By what standards shall armaments in different countries, no two of which are the same, be compared? Shall ships for example be compared by setting off large vessels against one another, and small ones in separate classifications, or shall the total tonnage of a navy be added up and compared? What about airplanes, used now for commercial purposes but readily available for war? Merchant ships, of which the same is true? In considering the potential war strength of a country, what shall be said of geographical position? Character of frontiers? Industrial resources, all-important in modern war? Climate as affecting the vigor and strength of soldiers? Morale, as indicated in the discipline and courage of troops?

Some of these questions may seem academic; but they have been debated with great vigor in the course of the two months that the experts have been at work in Geneva. As is usual, the commission divided into two camps. One has been led by France, supported by Italy, and the other by Great Britain, with whom the United States has usually been in agreement. The French attitude has been that all the circumstances of a country's position, geographical, industrial, economic, even political, should be taken into consideration, while the British have sought to get the question reduced to a simpler basis of men and guns and ships which could be limited in accordance with fixed ratios as was done at the Washington Conference of 1921.

In general, the French point of view has triumphed. The commission has decided that there

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are three kinds of armaments: 1, those of peace times; 2, those forces which are prepared for use in war time, and 3, the ultimate war forces made possible by utilizing the general resources of the nation. This third group, it will be seen, is most elastic in character. It can be made to cover almost anything the French choose to read into it. They have also won an important tactical victory by arguing successfully that the total tonnage of a navy shall be the basis of comparison, instead of the tonnage class by class as the British and Americans contended. France is fighting for her right to keep large numbers of submarines; England wishes, as she has done ever since the War, to abolish this weapon entirely; or failing that, to keep the numbers of undersea craft at a minimum.

The general French contention has of course been made for a purpose. France wants to keep a larger military establishment than she is entitled to, on any basis which could be reached by comparing her army and navy with those of other powers. To justify doing so, she must find some other standard which will take into account her position in relation to Germany. It is true that modern warfare is not conducted with armies and navies alone. Fighting is done with whole populations, with iron mines and crude rubber, with nitrates and wheat. Real disarmament is in fact no longer possible; the instrumentalities of war are so nearly identical with those of peace that you cannot destroy the one without destroying the other. It might be possible, other things being equal, to make an arbitrary reduction in the military establishment comparable to that made in battleships by the Washington conference. Such a reduction has no real relation to disarmament; in the case of the Washington conference, one semi-obsolete naval weapon was restricted for one decade. It might, however, be useful from the point of view of economy and balanced budgets. France, needing balanced budgets more badly than anyone else, is not willing to make any reduction. She will not do so until she has been given a degree of security from other sources equal to that she now imagines she enjoys, from her military strength.

It is quite true that security and disarmament are inseparably united. Whether we like it or not, popular psychology in every country, rooted in the experience of many centuries, is such that armaments will not be discarded until politicians, press and public are convinced that they are no longer necessary: which means that the margin of safety, created by other means, must be very broad and obvious indeed. Those other means, of course, include every device by which arbitration can be substituted for the use of force—the League of Nations, the World Court, Locarno pacts, etc. They must be continuous in operation, and must have as their purpose the prevention of disputes as well as their adjudication. If there is one truth which the world has learned out of the past twelve years, it is that all wars except the smallest can only be stopped *before* they have started. Keeping the peace is a task which, if it is ever accomplished, must be the result of incessant activity on the part of numerous and powerful agencies. When that day comes, limitation of armament will follow almost automatically as an incidental and on the whole comparatively unimportant by-product.

But what France means by security, of course, is something very different from this. France wants to be secured in the position she created for herself following the War, and based upon the Treaty of Versailles. That position, as our readers do not need to be told, is fundamentally unjust and unsound. The French know very well that in the long run it must be maintained either by force of their own arms or by those of other nations bound to come to their aid even though their cause may be unjust. This is not the security on which peace in Europe must ultimately rest. In the long run, that security must be founded on justice between the nations. Any form of agreement which sought to perpetuate the present position would be subject to incessant dangers; there would be no true security in it, and no system of real disarmament could operate successfully in an atmosphere so poisoned. The French know this to be true; and so, of course, do the other participants in the meeting at Geneva. In these circumstances, it is idle to expect any real progress to be made. They will continue to go through the motions; but whenever there is any prospect of a real attempt to establish justice, then security and then reduction of armament, France may be expected to set her face against it.

The March of the Twenty Thousand

THOUGH forbidden by the government and discouraged by its press, twenty thousand French veterans marched through Paris to protest against the terms on which the United States insists the war debt is to be collected. The police could not disperse a procession led by men in wheel chairs, and followed by blind men, faceless men, armless men. Some will say this is merely a shrewd appeal of skilled French propaganda to American sympathies. Perhaps it is that; but it is not merely that. For the horribly wounded, the mutilated, the less unfortunate war survivors, their families, and the families of the million and a half dead who were not there to march, are not moved by cynical thrift. They are quite as sincere as if everything they believe were true.

This is but a dramatic expression of the trouble which the debt policy of the United States is causing and will continue to cause until it is modified. The sentiments expressed in anticipation by Frenchmen of this generation would, if the debt settlement were to be carried into full effect, be impressed by

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hardship upon their children and their children's children. Even troubles not caused by the necessity of a huge annual tribute to the United States would be referred to it. It is easy to foresee the natural subterfuges of politicians and editors as the years go by. Is there an industrial depression? It is caused by lack of capital due to the drain of French savings to rich America. Is an unpopular fiscal policy demanded? Alas, it is enforced by the hard American bankers. Is a wage increase refused? It cannot be granted so long as the nation is in debt to foreigners. Are desirable governmental expenditures canceled? America will have her pound of flesh; America insists that the budget must be balanced. To collect rapidly increasing sums from France for the next sixty-five years would be to erect a fetish of international friction more powerful than Alsace-Lorraine after 1871.

Remember for a moment what these marchers were thinking, what they had been assiduously drilled in thinking not merely by leaders in their own country, but by all the powerful in the United States—by the very same powers who now ostensibly demand payment of the debt. France had no share in provoking the War; innocent, she was attacked and invaded. Germany was the enemy, the solely guilty enemy, not merely of France, but of international honor and of all civilization. France by the accident of position bore the brunt of the world's battle. If she had been defeated New York and Washington would have been seized, American homes violated, America subjected to Prussian militarism. Embroider the theme ad lib. according to your memory. In these circumstances America hesitated until it was almost too late; then brought her dollars to supplement French lives. She lost but few soldiers; not a foot of her territory suffered hostile devastation. The money she loaned was largely spent in her factories to make her employers and workmen rich. Now she demands that impoverished France, who cannot reclaim her own loss even from the defeated enemy, pay back the dollars. She demands it whether or not Germany repays even the small, agreed part of the damage she has wrought. She demands it no matter what the effect on French exchange and economic life, though in arranging the terms of Germany's payment the United States insisted on introducing safeguards against German impoverishment.

Very well, say the French, the debt is a legal bond, and we will pay as much as we can. But we appeal to your generosity and ancient friendship to place us on as favorable a status as your recent enemy.

Could irony go further? A more unimpeachable case, granted its premises, cannot be imagined. It is enough to make those who shouted loudest for a war of self-defense against a devil among the nations, and then shouted for extracting the last possible cent from France, run to cover in shame.

Of course the powers of finance in America do not intend that it shall come to that. They do not intend that France shall pay this government enough to ruin her. They expect to revise, when the time is ripe, an agreement which they know can not be carried out. But they must go through the forms of making the settlement, agitating against it on sentimental grounds, and then revising it. They must do this no matter what the immediate loss in international good will. Why? Simply because they have not dared face the resentment of the taxpayers. They cannot let the cold truth filter too baldly upon the consciousness of American citizens. When the United States came to the aid of the Allies in the War she lent money that could never be repaid, to governments already in concealed bankruptcy. She did this, first to make good the credits which American bankers and manufacturers had already extended them, second to continue the stream of orders and of prosperity which the War brought. We do not imply that the bankers did not themselves innocently believe much of the war propaganda. But they were also conscious of economic facts not well known to the public. The United States government lent the money when private interests could no longer take the risks; private interests profited; and the American payer of taxes, direct and indirect, is now footing the bill, as he was bound to do from the beginning. So far he has been encouraged by the thought that France would pay eventually, but she cannot. If all this had been acknowledged, there would have been an irresistible demand that those who made the profits during the War be the ones to pay the taxes afterwards. Such a demand already existed, but it would have grown like Jack's beanstalk the moment the Allied debts were canceled, if they had been canceled before, and on purely economic grounds. Therefore the thing had to be done slowly, gently, indirectly. Now that "tax reform" has brought the contribution of the rich to the lowest practicable point, the time for writing off the war debts is becoming more auspicious. We shall see a changing attitude on the part of the organs of prosperity. The march of the twenty thousand is almost like a predestined scene in a well made play; it will not be without its consequence.

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Poland: The New Menace to European Peace

POLAND, which during the short time of her independent national existence has managed to establish the startling record of two wars, one armed expedition and one revolution, is again being run by that Don Quixotic romanticist, who represented the central driving force in all those bloody adventures of the young republic. The feverish dreams of a greater Poland, with frontiers extended into endless distances, which Marshal Josef Pilsudski has dreamt of through all these years, are beginning to shape into positive forms, threatening to drive Poland towards the disaster of a new armed conflagration.

The romantically inclined Poles, who drank thirstily for so long a time the intoxicating speeches of their dashing national hero about the coming revival of their mediæval glory, are eagerly awaiting the dawn of that glorious new era, the vision of which Marshal Pilsudski has so often brought before their eyes by the magic of his words.

During the five years that he decorated the office of the Chief of State, Marshal Pilsudski did his best to introduce this new era of glory and conquests. He led his untrained army to Ukrainia, whence he was driven back by Budienny's Cossacks. He started a war against Russia that almost ended the life of the independent Polish state. He took Vilna, in spite of the protests of the League of Nations, by force of a coup-de-main and he would have gone still further had he not feared embarrassing international complications. But Pilsudski is not the man to give up the hope of realization of his dreams, merely because he once burned his hands. He has plotted, intrigued, conspired and fought for an independent and united Poland for forty years, though he had no army behind him and no power to demolish the iron barriers of realities. Now he is the dictator of Poland and the supreme chief of one of the greatest armies in Europe: no power could stop him from trying to remake the map of Eastern Europe. It is no wonder, indeed, that the neighboring countries view with ever-growing concern the developments in the imperialistically inclined Poland, the supreme master of which is a man who has shown in the past that he can be extremely realistic in the pursuance of his romantic dreams.

I

Those who are not acquainted with the singular character of Polish politics can hardly understand how a country which has had no time to digest its own nationalities and which is torn by the centrifugal forces of irreconcilable particularism, can weave bold schemes of acquiring new territories and founding an empire almost twice as large as Poland is at present. Within its borders the Republic of Poland has a very great number of Germans who are clinging resolutely to their national culture and with their innate superiority complex refuse energetically every effort to become "Polonized." More than six million Jews, alienated from the Poles through religious and racial persecution, are constantly demanding special privileges and their rights as a national minority. The great number of White Russians are as little enthusiastic about the Polish rule as are the Lithuanians of Vilna. Besides this, the Poles among themselves do not form a nation, one and undivided. For one and a half centuries the Poles, their country divided into three parts, have lived under various régimes and conditions, the memories of which have left deep traces in the Polish psychology.

In Poznania, the so-called German-Poland, the Poles lived under the iron rule of Prussianism; they were not permitted to hold public offices; they were forced to attend German schools; they were persecuted and subjugated, but at the same time they were trained to order and military punctuality; they became acquainted with western methods in business and politics and they became wont to hate and despise the proverbial Polish disorder.

The Poles of Galicia, on the other hand, enjoyed almost unlimited freedom under the somewhat patriarchal régime of the Hapsburgs. The conditions under which they lived were less western than those prevalent in Poznania, but for the lack of efficient business training they were favored by a more efficient training in politics. The Poles always played an eminent rôle in Austrian politics. The "Polenklub" represented the strongest party in the Vienna Reichsrat and its leaders occupied the most important positions in the Austro-Hungarian cabinets and in the diplomatic service of the Dual Monarchy. The Austrian régime raised a great army of Polish local officials for Galicia, which was run entirely by Poles.

The third part of the one-time Kingdom of Poland—"the real Poland," as they used to say in Warsaw—suffered terribly under the Tsarist rule. Aside from having been oppressed by the Russians politically and culturally, the Poles of the so-called Congress-Poland were injected with the typically Russian bacilli of graft, laziness and disorganization. The memories of their glorious past, however, lived in the Poles of Russian-Poland. They conspired and revolted and led the revolutionary

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movements for the reëstablishment of an independent Poland, while their brethren in Poznania and Galicia were satisfied with encouraging secretly the real fighters for Polish freedom.

The Poland of today is run by this third part and the former Austrian and German subjects of the Polish Republic are angrily revolting against the rule of the "adventurous conspirators." They demand the introduction of more developed western methods in politics and business; they demand that they shall be given their rightful share in the administration of the state and they threaten to secede from the united Poland rather than be led into new adventures by dreamers and incurable romanticists.

II

The dreamers and romanticists, however, have the upper hand at the present and in the pursuance of their fantastic schemes they are not willing to be side-tracked by the warnings of the more sober elements to pacify and consolidate the country itself before essaying to reshape the whole of Eastern Europe. And, because there is a slumbering romanticist in almost every Pole, the dreamers are in the majority and their idolatrously adored hero, Marshal Pilsudski, is the master of the state. His conception of the future Poland is an immense empire, which would expand "od morza do morza," from sea to sea, from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Poland has Dantzig, of course, and the "corridor," cut into the body of Eastern Prussia, which secures for her the connection with her outlet to the sea. Dantzig, however, is not enough for the potential founders of the future empire. The advocates of a greater Poland assert that Poland's natural outlets to the Baltic are Memel, Riga, Reval and Libau. They are now in the hands of the little Baltic states of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania. To get the seaports, Poland has to get the Baltic states and the Polish drafters of Eastern Europe's future map have their plan ready how to get them.

The first step would be, according to the bold scheme of Pilsudski and his followers, some kind of union with Lithuania. The two countries, they argue, have lived in very close union during the past centuries, Poland in the seventeenth century having been practically a Polish-Lithuanian state. Pilsudski's idea is to reconstruct this historic Polish-Lithuanian state, to establish a federation with the northern neighbor and, once this federation is realized, to restore Vilna to that Lithuania, which would be run by Poland.

But the federation with Lithuania is only the starting point in the gigantic plan, which Pilsudski has had in mind since he first swung himself into supreme power in Poland seven years ago. He dreams of a still much more powerful federation: a federation of all Baltic states, with Poland playing first fiddle in this new Eastern European concert. His catchword for the little Baltic countries is that they should be protected against a potential Russian invasion and that the best protection would be a firm alliance with Poland and the formation of a mighty concern of all Baltic states, which would represent an impenetrable wall against Russia. Though it is true that these Baltic countries are more afraid of imperialistic Poland than of the much exaggerated "Red Peril"—Esthonia in particular cultivating very good relations with the Soviet—the reluctance of the prospective partners in returning the seductive love-calls of the Polish imperialists does not constitute an impediment of any importance in the eyes of Marshal Pilsudski. The Lithuanians were also reluctant to let Poland have Vilna, but their protests did not amount to much against the machine guns of General Zeligowski, the modern conquistador of Vilna.

Simultaneously with the foundation of the Baltic Federation under the protectorate of Poland, Marshal Pilsudski is determined to settle his native land's extremely strained relations with Germany on an entirely new basis. For the establishment of a federated Polish-Lithuanian state a slight change in the German-Polish frontier would be necessary. The new federated state would need some more German territory along the Niemen river and Pilsudski would be willing to restore the "corridor" to Germany in return for the lost territory. Though the Polish corridor, which cuts Eastern Prussia into two parts, is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of establishing better relations between Poland and Germany, it is not the only cause of German antagonism against her eastern neighbor. Germany will never forget the loss of Upper Silesia, Dantzig and other purely German territories, and, of course, Pilsudski would never think of the restoration of these parts to Germany. He likes to make deals by giving little and taking much and is wont to push those deals through by pointing proudly to his powerful army.

III

Though all these plans in connection with Poland's northern neighbors are bold and fantastic enough, the aspirations of the Polish imperialists towards the south are still bolder and still more fantastic, involving a territory almost as great as the Poland of the present day. In 1772 the Polish frontier extended southward to the Ukraine, up to the Dnieper River, and the romantic enthusiasts of modern Poland are dreaming of the reconstruction of these historic borders, motivating the "necessity" of their claims with the importance of having a common frontier with Bessarabia along the Dniester. The possession of Volhynia's vast territory would make the military alliance between Rumania and Poland much more effective and would greatly strengthen the Polish-Rumanian strategic position against Russia. The Polish militarists con-

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sider Rumania their natural ally against a potential attack on the part of Russia, and in the direct connection between the northern seaports of the Baltic states with the Rumanian ports on the Black Sea they see unlimited economic possibilities for the "Baltic Block." Of course, the economic leadership as well as the military and political leadership within this Baltic Block would be Poland's. The Polish romanticists intend to revive the mediæval glory of the Polish Kingdom not only politically, but also economically. In place of the financially devastated Poland they want to rebuild the Poland of former times, when the House of Fugger, the Rothschilds of the Middle Ages, exerted a well-nigh unlimited economic influence throughout Central and Eastern Europe.

No statesman of any European country with such a chaotic internal political situation as that in which contemporary Poland finds herself, would cherish even secretly such bold and arrogant schemes, the tentative realization of which would inevitably lead to a new war and would be the sign for a general armed conflagration. But Poland is the country with unlimited political possibilities. In the political dictionary of her romantic leaders, who started their careers as conspirators and revolutionists, the word "impossible" does not exist. Forty years ago, when Josef Pilsudski ventured his first political complot against Tsarist Russia, the dream of a united and independent Poland seemed a sheer impossibility, yet the leader of so many abortive revolutions has seen the realization of his vision of youthful days. Twelve years ago, when the future dictator of the independent Polish state was but a retired conspirator in the city of Cracow, the dream of his becoming First Marshal of Poland seemed ridiculously impossible, but the span of twelve years was enough to make this feverish dream a "glorious" reality.

Poland has seen miracles in her history and the Poles believe undauntedly in miracles. They have the fervid romanticism of the Orient, they have a fertile imagination and they admire the great gestures and the dashing élan of their typically Polish national hero, who has once tried to realize all their dreams of a greater Poland. Fantastic schemes, bold intrigues and wild conspiracies are well-nigh the only realities in Polish politics. The grown-up boys of the young republic love to play with fire and do not realize that one spark may inflame the whole East of the European continent.

IV

Here is the point where internal Polish politics are so closely conjoined with the great and important developments of international affairs east of the Vistula River. A great part of Poland, the Poland of the West, is opposed to Pilsudski not only on account of his ideas of running the internal administration of the state, but mainly because of his bold and romantic plans regarding the remaking of the map of Eastern Europe. The Poland of the West, the former German and Austrian provinces, realize that what Poland needs for the next fifty years is undisturbed peace, the possibility of tranquil evolution and inner consolidation. They do not wish to be thrust into new adventures, to be driven into new wars. As long as Pilsudski and his intriguing intimates are in power, the menace of new adventures is hanging above the young Polish Republic. The eruptive personality of Marshal Pilsudski was a great asset for the cause of Poland when the underground revolutionary forces had to do their work and when the Poles were on the other side of the barricade. Yet this eruptive personality, which loves dramatic surprises and enjoys dangerous situations, is a constant menace for the peace of Eastern Europe today.

EMERY DERI.

Idols

1

They must have buried him away from the lake
Lest he be discontented with his grave
And, abandoning his god, rise up once more
And sail. No edge of water was visible
From where he had lain so many hundred years
That every bone was fibrous like old wood,
And the moony skull came crumbling in my hand
When I removed the god that whispered there.

2

Within the skull hate had once eaten, and love
Had woven its intricate iridescent web,
And then the worms and the wet earth had worn
Both love and hate down to the marrow-bone.
Those ancient fingers that mingle with yellow roots
And indeterminably feed the world
May once have baked the fingers of this god
That, still intact, grope after human clay.

3

What surer god have I ever seen than this
Which I deliver from an earthen womb,
This fantasy, this mute, insensate whim
Enduring still beside its maker's dust?
These are the open eyes, the lips that speak
Wonderful things, this is the living thought
That made the man alive and will again,
Whether it be an idol or a poem.

4

Lie close to me, my poem, and comfort me,
Console me with substance lovelier than mine,
Breathe me alive a thousand years from now.
Whisper, beside that rim of an empty moon
Under the earth, the moon I thought with once,
That once to have thought, once to have used the earth,
Is to have made a god more durable
Than flesh and bone. Lie close to me, my poem.

WITTER BYNNER.

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Who Is the Owner of This Child?

A Study in Parental Attitude

SLOWLY does the adult world come to view the child as something besides a possession and a responsibility. Galsworthy in the Forsyte Saga notes that the "possessive principle is putting up its shutters," but in reference to the child the shutters are clamped down by centuries of family tradition and by the fact that children lack ability to make their needs articulate.

The solution of most of our problems depends, not so much on our facts as our outlook on life, the approach, or attitude, what the Germans call einstellung. Parents approach the problem of being parents in varying attitudes.

These can be studied to advantage in such a ready made laboratory as the Juvenile Court, particularly in those dramatic and painful cases of conflict over the custody of young children. The question of ownership, of legal status, of a paramount right to possession is ever present and this is often the basis of charges of moral unfitness against the other parent, guardian or relative.

I

A little girl of twelve is before the Juvenile Court over a question of guardianship. Her mother is dead. The child has been raised by her aunt who has adopted her during one of her father's long absences. The father alleges misrepresentation and seeks to regain custody. A dozen women are in court eager to testify that if the child is turned over to the father it will be the crime of the century. A temporary order is made placing the child in a neutral boarding home; now who will pay the board? Three or four hands are raised, whereupon the aunt says, "No one will pay her board, save myself; I am the legal owner of this child."

The concept of ownership applied to human beings is most interesting. It has had a long history. Property rights going with the possession of children, especially girls, the exchange of gifts, the marriage portion—all this at no greatly distant past added to the complexities of child ownership. But today property rights in the literal sense are in the background, a more subtle working of the possessive principle must be sought.

Love is a term frequently used in custody cases. "I love this child. It is mine. I cannot live without it."

"Love" of an adult for a child is a highly complex thing. It exhibits all the emotional range of sexual love, or other adult relationship, jealousy, dominance, fear, rivalry, desire for possession, anger, grudges, desire for response, wistful, hurt feelings at not being preferred. In short, parental love may exist in a very unparental heart.

The attitude of the artist and the scientist makes its way slowly among parents. The parent can be a custodian, an *owner,* or he can be filled with the desire to understand, as the scientist understands and to create as the artist creates. We have been taught to reverence childhood as a period of helplessness and innocence. We must learn to respect children because they possess personality.

II

The idea that the child has a personality comes as a shock to many parents. After a series of meetings of a parent education class a mother remarked: "Do you mean that a young child has a personality? Why, I never thought of such a thing!" Other parents were amazed to discover that in their well-to-do homes no place had been devised especially for the young. Spare guest rooms were hastily transformed into apartments for the adolescent boy. Additions were built so that the young could have adequate privacy and space. Changes in the morale of family life came about swiftly, simply by the change in attitude on the part of parents.

Study of custody conflicts reveals the ideas held in the community about children. The Judge is empowered to decide the case on the basis of the welfare of the child, but as a matter of fact the interests and emotions of the adults receive most of the attention. The children are usually aware of the true motive on the part of the contending parent. "My father does not really want me, but the lawyer told him to ask for me. He wants to make my mother mad," said a girl of eight in court recently. Often the witnesses appear on the side which has enlisted their sympathies, beliefs, or prejudices: a group of respectable neighbors testified that a cruel, self-indulgent mother was a fit and proper parent for a four year old boy, because they had a grudge against the father who was a socialist. The religious opinions of a parent are often considered by the community as an adequate reason why he should be "given" the child. "He comes to our church," or "He belongs to our lodge," the old story of tribal loyalty, the old business of being banded together in common enterprises which are somehow hurt if an outsider is privileged, the old attitude of punishing an outsider by cutting him off from human relationships. Shelley, deprived of his children by the English Court of Chancery, because of atheism, is an example.

No conflicts offer such opportunities for belligerent human nature as do child custody cases. In

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no arena is there chance to do battle in so many ways that hurt, mortify, injure and torture the opponents. In a sense the conflict is removed from our immediate necessities: whichever way it turns out, we still have enough to eat and wear, and our freedom, our jobs and friendships, but in the most subtly painful way our emotions are involved. What becomes of our reputation if we are not judged fit to have a child?—Why, anybody is fit to raise a child: the meanest man we know has children, the bootlegger, prostitute and thief have children, and here the court is questioning my fitness, in behalf of a woman who has taught this child to hate me! It is indeed a bitter experience.

III

Our fundamental attitude toward family formation is often shown in court.

A physician became a troublesome witness in the custody case of a newborn infant. He testified that the unmarried mother was incompetent physically and morally to have her child. He became so insistent that the district attorney questioned his motives. Yet the story was simple. One of his private patients was a young childless wife, a charming girl who had been told that she could not have children. She had been brought up by a dominant mother and a careless, laughing father. She had formed the idea that her father was somehow unworthy, yet she loved him. But she loved her mother more, and thought the mother was a martyr. Her own marriage was not altogether satisfactory and she was afraid of sex, yet wistfully eager for a child. The physician had been consulted, and he advised adopting some other girl's baby.

So here we have the parties in the contest, the "society" girl with her charm and delicate body, her refinement, the ability of her husband and herself to rear an infant in comfort and respectability, and the "natural" mother, a carefree, healthy girl of the streets who had already met life on a fundamental issue and was ready to do battle for the custody of the first thing she had ever "owned."

Here, the physician ranged himself on the side of economic security, and social position, justifying himself because the child would be so much better off.

But would it be better off?—Would the adopted mother crippled by fear and an unsatisfactory relationship to her own family make a better mother than the delinquent girl? Would not the adopted child, in growing up, feel the anxiety of his legally acquired parents, and begin to question his status, begin to wonder what kind of mother he must have had if she relinquished him in cold blood? No one knows the answers to these questions. A large number of foster children come to the Juvenile Court with twists of character, feelings of doubt and inferiority, old deep grudges over trifles. Who can say what is a wise decision in any custody matter?

In Los Angeles, Cal., there is a little boarding home for children whose parents are seeking divorce. The children are sent there by the court only when the parents are so utterly unable to agree that no neutral home can be found among relatives or friends pending the outcome of the struggle, when a parent is seeking to impregnate the child with hate and no untrained foster-mother can protect the child from this hideous kind of assault. In this home are six little folks under thirteen. The woman in charge has children of her own and is well equipped by personality and training for her task. She is studying mental hygiene:

"Jane is only six. She is an adorable child. It is terrifying to see the influence of the parents' visits on this child. They do not talk about the case because it is forbidden, but Jane responds to their advances with a keen sense of bargaining. She has learned to lie, and to work one parent against the other for the purposes of gaining affection and gifts. She is like a woman of the world. After they are gone she is tense with excitement. I see the process of ruining this child going on, but I am powerless."

It cannot be too much emphasized that it is not the broken home, nor the divorce which injures this child. It is the selfish lack of consideration for the child herself; her right to be sheltered from adult emotion, anxiety and sophistication has been denied.

IV

How far we are removed from the happy, primitive ways of simple folk, like the Mexicans, for example. In a crowded waiting room a Mexican woman sits with four children, ranging in age from nine years to a month. She is a friend of the father who has gone out to look for work. The mother has run off with another man. The woman has taken them all into her home with her own family of six. She wants a little aid from the milk station, and the baby has sore eyes. Into the room comes a Mexican mother with a brood of little boys and girls, and a nursing baby. She sees the situation instantly, gives her sleeping infant to one of the children to hold, and bares her breast for the other woman's foster-baby who is howling with discontent over his cold rubber nipple. The feeding over, she restores him to his temporary custodian without a backward glance. The baby was hungry, and she responded with the primary maternal service as a matter of course.

But as we outgrow the primary needs of child and mother we plunge into fields of longing for possession and response and satisfactions that cannot be met in any simple way. The whole social status of the adults concerned complicates the problem.

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Most "normal" parents need never face a custody conflict. It is unlikely that their children will be thrown into court as objects of controversy, but it is extremely likely that large numbers of children are hurt by the possessive attitude assumed by one, or both parents, in the sanctity of the home itself. Whom do you prefer, *why* should you not prefer me, you are my child, I have supported you, you have no right now to love your grandmother, or your school teacher. Such attitudes warp in cruel ways. There is the child that emerges from the warm bath of possessive affection weakened for anything but the evasive, indirect and passive rôle. There is the child who faces life with a divided loyalty, loving her father, but worshiping her mother, and unable to take a mate. There is the child who fears, feeding on abiding grudges, and clenches her fists in the dark because she has not the nerve to resist an unjust school teacher, or a tyrannical employer. There is the child suffering from premature sophistication, talking pro and con of the merits of mother versus father, hating her father's forbears to the second and third generation, because, though she has never seen them, Auntie says they are "impossible, and she wouldn't like them." There is the child who becomes despondent, succumbing easily to fancied slights and miseries, the child so tuned to unhappiness that her only response to happiness is self-pity. There is the frank child who, sturdily refusing to submit to the whims or property ideas of adults, rebels against authority in general and becomes a terror to teachers and probation officers.

Numberless are the ways of hurting a child, but it would seem that the most efficient and most lasting way is to institute a suit in chancery for the ownership and custody of a child, without the saving scrutiny of the spirit of the true parental love which does not ask, "Who is the legal owner of this child?" but which asks only, "What is best for this child, in body, mind and personality?"

MIRIAM VAN WATERS.

Mouth-Conscious America

WHEN future historians undertake to sum up in a single statement the essential genius of the present decade, it is not at all unlikely that some one will suggest a preoccupation with oral matters as its most characteristic mood. We are now in the middle of a well financed and powerful drive to save the world from Pyorrhea, Bleeding Gums, Unpleasant Breath, Dying Dental Pulp, and a host of other and similar affections of the mouth, for which cures have sprung up so abundantly during the last few years. A world long suffering from the ravages of these diseases has at last awakened; and, if sales for tooth paste during the last three or four years are any indication, it is hastening to make up for lost time.

What is responsible for this awakening? What great force has finally, after all these centuries, succeeded in bringing us face to face, so to speak, with our own mouths? I think we may safely lay the blame for this naissance of mouth-consciousness to advertising.

By working upon one instinct, the instinct of self-protection or self-preservation (from which comes fear), the advertisers have succeeded in placing all of us who read in a state of continual nervousness, if not actual anxiety, about the insides of our mouths. They have taught us that in our teeth lie little germs—"unseen—unfelt—a tiny germ eats away tooth enamel"—who can raise the very devil, not only with the teeth, but with the general health of the persons in whose mouths they lurk. There is dreadful talk of abscesses, of "snug harbors for decay germs," salivary glands, the flow of alkaline fluids, bacterial placques. Tartar—that dread substance so beloved by dentists—is mentioned in passing. We are told casually to "notice the V-shaped crevices at the Danger Line," and warned of bleeding gums. And as a result of all this, we vacillate uncertainly among a dozen different brands of dentifrice, buying each time the newest, or the one whose package or whose extravagant claims appeals most forcibly at the moment.

Advertising has taught us that there are other little germs, lurking behind our tonsils or playing leap-frog in the region of our adam's apple. If let alone, it appears that these innocent mites will give rise to some "deep-seated organic disorder." Perhaps they may eventually ruin our digestion; or our throat may in time be eaten away as a result of our neglect, leaving us to suffer slow death by starvation. It appears, however, that these misfortunes can be avoided if a certain preparation—the preparation mentioned in the advertisement—be used. To the bewilderment of the buying public, there is some little question among the makers of Lavoris, Zonite, Lysol, Listerine, and three or four dozen other domestic antiseptics as to the one liquid among them which is actually the best.

There is another class of advertising which fully recognizes the presence of the bacilli, the films, the placques, the snug decay harbors, and the other unpleasant sources of ill-health, but which fails even to mention the existence of dentifrices. This class finds but one correct way to deal with the mouth problem—to use regularly a "scientific" tooth brush. The *scientific* tooth brush is not a name for any one make of tooth brush. It is applied, like its slightly more distinguished cousin, "the scientific attitude," in a multitude of different ways. The brushes which

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lay claim to the qualifying adjective *scientific* are often, too, quite as different as are the conclusions which two academics, both possessed of the scientific attitude, may reach in investigating a biological hypothesis. There is something about the word *scientific* which raises a tooth brush out of the ordinary run. To quote a recent advertisement: "Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw." Obviously, the brush which resulted was scientific. And that skilled men studied the contour of the jaw is supposed to give one a sense of unutterable relief, of complete security in the efficacy of the result. How superior these brushes, to those designed by unskilled men! Yet . . . a grain of doubt creeps in. Is it not true that no two jaws are alike? Can it be that the skilled men, absorbed in their contemplation of somebody's jaw, could have forgotten this fact, so generally known? Fortunately for the advertiser, the average reader is not of a reflective turn of mind.

In the case of one toothbrush, the skilled men decided that a brush having a concave bristle surface, to fit the outer curve of the teeth, is scientific. In the case of another, equally skilled men decided that there is but one logical shape for the scientific brush: that in which the bristles are convex, to fit the inner contour of the teeth. To what end, one asks in bewildered indignation, has science come when she sponsors two brushes made according to principles which are the reverse of each other? It leads one to suspect that the old-fashioned flat brush, now relegated to the ten-cent stores, may be the most scientific of them all, since it strikes a happy mean between concave and convex. At any rate—there the matter stands. We have offered to us—thrust at us—tooth brushes running the whole gamut from concave to convex, each of them vouched for as superior to all the rest.

It is to the advertisers of these three classes of merchandise—dentifrices, mouth washes and tooth brushes—that we must lay the present scramble to improve the condition of (to use philosophical language) the common mouth.

The advertisers have succeeded in stimulating this anxious interest (to their enormous profit, of course) by recourse to psychology of an elementary sort. The advertising man has recognized the rather obvious truth that if you can frighten a man badly enough, he will do whatever you want him to. Hence, the advertising of commodities designed to cure mouth ailments has grown more and more savage, until at the present time it amounts to little more than one series after another of bullying threats. One campaign, to describe one of the most flagrant and commonly seen examples, shows in each advertisement a number of faces, across whose mouths little placards have been drawn. These placards bear such legends as: "She neglected her gums," "He found out—too late," "Vain regrets won't restore *her* beauty," "A dentist could have told him."

Then, in the midst of all these, there is shown the face of a smiling young demi-god whose teeth, obviously, are in the best of condition. Below these illustrations, there is a lot of fierce talk about preventing tooth decay below the "gum-line." Each of the advertisements in this campaign contains a sort of footnote, a nasty little post-script, to the effect that four out of five are marked for Pyorrhea. What is one going to do in the face of talk like that? Just what millions of people do a year. Run to the nearest store and ask for a tube of the paste that claims to cure it. Fear has boosted the sales of tooth paste beyond the fondest dreams of Papa Forhan or venerable old Mr. Pebeco—or whoever it was who started all this row. Fear, too, has brought millions to the Listerine family, and to the makers of scientific tooth brushes.

Is there any valid justification for the inflated condition of the mouth accessory market? Is this abnormal increase absolutely sound? I think not. Up to a certain point these frantic appeals had a desirable effect; they stimulated a healthy interest in oral hygiene. More people began to brush their teeth, and to brush them regularly, than had ever done so before. But, seeing the success which greeted consistent advertisers, other manufacturers commenced to push their products. Men having no reason for going into the dentifrice business except a sublime faith in advertising, started to advertise, and thought later about their product. Competition has finally become so keen that the public knows not where to turn next. There is a general vying to discover newer and more extravagant means of stimulating demand. More advertisers are entering the business every day. It has arrived at the point where one can't turn around without being reminded that one has a mouth with teeth in it.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing mysterious about tooth paste. In the majority of instances it consists of a soap base, to which has or has not been added a mild abrasive, a weak antiseptic, a dash of aromatic oil for flavoring—some pet ingredient which turns a comparatively standard formula into private property. Nearly every paste manufacturer makes much of his pet antiseptic ingredient; and as a matter of fact many tooth pastes would really do some of the things claimed for them, under the right circumstances. The big trouble is that these right circumstances are never present. Our habit is to apply paste, and then to rinse it out immediately. If one had the time and patience to go about for five or ten minutes with one's mouth filled with tooth paste, there might perhaps be a different story; because the antiseptic would then be given a chance to get in its work. But until we change our habits radically, there is little point in raving about the antiseptic qualities of a dentifrice. Almost any unbiased dentist will tell you that a high-quality, mild soap makes as good a cleanser as the most elaborately advertised paste—and costs only a tiny fraction as much.

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The situation is much the same with tooth brushes. It is hardly necessary to explain that without the coöperation of the man behind the brush, the most scientific construction conceivable would be quite ineffectual. And as for the mouth washes—well, they are nothing more than mild antiseptics, the basic formulæ for which have been in the pharmacopœia for years. The problem resolves itself down to the question of which tastes the pleasantest.

There is nothing that can be done about the humbuggery that surrounds the selling of mouth goods. Competition inevitably calls for competitive methods; and this usually simmers down to seeing who can scream the loudest. The mouth advertisers will continue to yell, and since few of the products are actually harmful, one might just as well take the situation cheerfully and join in the yelling. I submit the following quotation, drawn from Dentistry in the Encyclopædia Britannica, as my contribution to the general movement toward bigger and more brutal advertisements:

> Exposure and death of the dental pulp furnishes an avenue of entrance for disease-producing bacteria, by which invasion of the deeper tissues may readily take place, causing necrosis, tuberculosis, actinomicosis, phlegmon and other destructive inflammations, certain of which, affecting the various sinuses of the head, have been found to cause meningitis, chronic empyema, metastatic abscesses in remote parts of the body, paralysis, epilepsy and insanity.

To the first tooth paste, mouth wash, or tooth brush manufacturer who sees this quotation, I give full license to profit by the unearthing in any way he chooses.

PHILIP WAGNER.

Washington Notes

BEFORE the White House Spokesman gets accustomed to the Adirondack atmosphere and, through the Washington correspondents who will share with him his simple life in the heart of the primeval forest that surrounds the million-dollar Kirkwood Camp, we begin to read in the papers sweet little stories of the President at play, perhaps there should be some comment upon the last of the White House conferences with the correspondents held just before the Presidential party left Washington. Like the last of the White House Senatorial breakfasts, mentioned in last week's letter, it was full of interest, but unlike that breakfast where several Senators spread gloom around the table by their pessimistic predictions for the fall, there was no discordant note. The old applesauce—or should I say maple sugar—flowed freely. The President complimented the correspondents upon the accuracy with which they had reported the situation during the last session. The correspondents exuded appreciation of the Presidential praise. Whereupon the Spokesman pointed out that the President was most gratified at the fine record made by the Congress and intimated that he was naturally highly pleased that so much legislation desired by him had been enacted.

Reflecting over these words of the Presidential Spokesman, thus accurately reported in all the daily papers, one does not know which to marvel at most—the solemn disingenuousness of Mr. Coolidge and his calm confidence in the acceptance by the press of his interpretation of the facts in preference to the facts themselves, the self-restraint among some and lack of humor among others of the correspondents which enabled them to keep their faces straight while they were handed this sort of bunk to write, or the absence of comprehension and interest upon the part of the American people that makes it possible for them to read it without recognition of its absurdity. Undoubtedly it is the combination of the three that makes it work and slows me up every time I begin to think that the Coolidge collapse has really begun. Last week after the Senate Republicans contemptuously disregarded the statement of the President urging them to pass the Fess farm relief bill, thus capping a long list of refusals to follow Coolidge recommendations, it really seemed certain he was on his way to the political graveyard to which soon or late all Presidents are consigned. Now, I am not so certain. If after the extraordinary succession of reversals and rejections to which he was subjected by the Congress just ended which his own party controlled, he can without being laughed at present this claim of being gratified, then there is no limit. To have put this gratification idea over in face of the facts is, it seems to me, the supreme Coolidge accomplishment with these newspaper conferences, a most remarkable example of the publicity and propaganda advantage the system gives the President over Congress.

The Senate, controlled by the President's party, can and did kick him around, disregard his wishes, toss his recommendations into the scrap basket and reject his personal appointments. And then at the close of the session when Congress has cleared out and when if ever a President had a right to feel humiliated, he had, Mr. Coolidge can gather the newspaper men in the executive offices, praise them for their accuracy and have them write, without quoting him and without guying him, that the President is pleased with the record of Congress and gratified at what they did. Of course that idea going out in that way makes more impression upon more people than the various and sundry kicks which Congress gave him—including the last and biggest kick of all contained in the defeat of the Fess bill—the combined force of which is never so impressively presented. Now I maintain that it is smart of him to be able to put that sort of thing over. I, however, do not maintain that there is anything smart about the people who let him put it over, the people through whom he puts it over or the people upon whom it is put over. It was the New York Times which, as I pointed out last week, editorially declared that Mr. Coolidge had been so severely rebuffed by Congress as almost to establish a precedent, and commented—rather tartly for the Times—upon his loss in prestige during the session, pointing out the various unpleasant things that had happened to him and making the quite obvious deductions. Yet the day following this last White House correspond-

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ents' conference, the Times more than any other paper I saw laid stress upon the great gratification of the President over the achievements of the session and his pleasure at the things that had been done. I looked in the Times the next day and for several days following to see some editorial comment that would explain why a President should be gratified at being rebuffed, but if such there was I certainly missed it.

It does not mean much now to recall that the Tincher bill which Mr. Coolidge wanted in the House was voted down by that body as overwhelmingly as the Fess bill in the Senate; that his radio recommendation was totally disregarded, that the coal legislation he requested, the consolidation of railroads for which he asked and the change in the status of the Shipping Board he recommended, were all side-tracked either in House or Senate. It is hardly worth while either to point out that his Muscle Shoals ideas were disregarded and his very personal appointment to be a federal Judge of Wallace McCamant, who nominated him for Vice-President in Chicago, was rejected by the Senate. These constitute an incomplete list of the things over which the President felt gratified, though the White House Spokesman on that last day in Washington unaccountably failed to mention them. Perhaps it was an oversight. What he did mention was the passage of the Mellon tax bill over which there was no real fight, the World Court proposal, which was a Democratic battle in which the President at no time had more than a perfunctory interest, and the Railroad-Labor bill which he went out of his way some months ago to disavow as an administration measure.

Honestly when I consider the whole situation I just sit down and laugh. We are going to have some sweet stuff from the Adirondacks this summer.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Federation of the World

I REMEMBER reading, some ten years ago, an article on internationalism in which the writer said that while there seemed to be insuperable difficulties in the way of international control of production and distribution of such staples as wheat and coal, one industry existed on a wholly international basis. The industry was the white slave traffic. Whether that is true or not, I cannot say. But I become more acutely aware of internationalism in other activities, and gradually more displeased with it. At the moment I feel that France and America have each created one successful international industry: the French cuisine and the American night club.

I remain an enthusiast for both of these great activities of our time, but more and more I want to relish their special savor in the country of their creation. Not because they are unsatisfactory elsewhere; it is the pride of internationalism to be everywhere identical in its effects. It is because the contagion of "life's slow stain," as it spreads from country to country, has the power of an external plague, and from it there is no immunity for anything native, unless it be the immunity of death.

The picturesque remains while the native thing perishes, and the observer with any feeling for quality, character, the differences between peoples and between places, grows quickly conscious of dissatisfaction with the picturesque. The Spanish costumes seen in Seville during the Fair seem actually out of place, they are costumes, not clothes. The native things, shiny black silk dresses, combs, mantillas for women, and gray or black wide brimmed felt hats with stiff cylindrical crowns for the men, are actually more pleasing to the eye; they do not look like comic opera. And this is in Spain which seems to lie outside the path of Euro-American internationalism; elsewhere in Europe the costume originally native is even more intentionally a revival, and the current mode of dress for men, although it permits a few variations from country to country, is becoming a general average struck between German high lapels, American snappy clothes, French tight waists, and the general English "cut."

This averaging process is, to be sure, precisely what no true internationalist wants; but it seems inevitable, and what makes it particularly disagreeable is that it operates with a divine justice. It is not necessary to be either an expert or a snob about French cooking to know that it is no longer French. You expect that in England, Germany, Sweden and America, French cooking will come to a uniform international level; but not in France. Yet that is what has happened. I am not speaking now of "little places" where the quality of food "goes down" when discovered by Americans. It is the testimony of solid Frenchmen that their cuisine has grown in variety and deteriorated in quality. It was always a cuisine little inventive in the use of many materials, and distinguished by the constantly increasing variety of ways in which a few materials were used. It was, that means, provincial and refined. Perforce it becomes extensive and vulgar, as it is devoted more and more to an international body which does not care very much about food. In the hundreds of places where it retains its original quality it is perfect.

Yet this perfection even if it remained universal in France would hardly excuse the destruction of all other cuisines in the central European block. It would not excuse the consensus of opinion in Vienna and Madrid and Prague that the best food is French food. In these cities, in the great international hotels, in thousands of aspiring restaurants in smaller cities, it is always the same thing: the native foods, the native ways of cooking foods, are all hard to find and unsatisfactory when found, and what is good to eat is made à la française, without question.

I do not feel that the night club has had time to do so much. It was never a purely American creation; what we have given to it is primarily its type of music, and we have done this so decisively that it is impossible to imagine a night club without jazz. But the night club, if it hasn't yet become all one thing in the world, has already destroyed much. It has sent slinking into side streets and to outlying districts the native entertainments of Europe. It is not surprising that the best hotel in Vienna has a good jazz band; but that a better jazz band is to be found in an ordinary middle-class coffee house is surprising and not exceptionally pleasing because it means that any natural development of Viennese night life is driven lower and

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lower in the social and financial scale. At Semmering the bands played, four years ago, Last Night on the Back Porch; this year it is no doubt Remember; at the Café de l'Harcourt with its tradition of French popular composers you hear Valencia and Always. A few tiny places like the Noctambules carry on the fight for the "caf' conc' "; they have singer-composers of songs of the day and a little revue, and they are aware of the battle in which they are engaged. The regular night clubs of Paris are all alike, and are all like the night clubs of New York.

This seems to me entirely different from the universal acceptance of American movies or of American plumbing or of French perfume or of Pilsener beer. Our triumph in the movies is partly a work of commerce, but largely it is due to the impotence of others. In any case it destroyed little that was valuable in native products and has, in fact, given a technical knowledge to other nations which they now promise to utilize. But the international unit in cooking and entertainment has destroyed something valuable. And as it goes on it suggests a picture of what people will have in mind when they talk about Life a century hence; a terribly long dining car run by the Compagnie des Wagon-Lits in which multitudes of people are being fed while a jazz band plays and the waiters, with second-rate omelettes, do trick steps up the aisle.

GILBERT SELDES.

Steamer Letter

Think of me once or even twice with such
Mild flickering interest or half surmise
I may elude that vagueness of your eyes
Before they change and understand too much.
Miss me on Monday a little when you touch
The salt-scoured rail where the spray gleams and dries,
Or when you watch a herring-gull that flies
In the wave's hollow on its way to clutch
The elfin fish nobody ever sees.
It will be Thursday doubtless by that time.
Think of me shrewdly, certain it would tease
My mind as poems do to know the gull
So unaware that it is beautiful,
So unexplained by reason or by rhyme.

Some instant aspect of an immortal thing
I'll give you since you do not want the whole.
The live will in the flesh, the pulsing soul
Is mutable past all imagining.
It shines and goes: it is the irised wing
Of the flying fish: it is the quivering bowl
Of the sea-anemone, or the aureole
Of a pearl, or the coral's alabaster spring
Faintly unfurled in leaf on fretted leaf.
It is all and none of these forever the same
And flawed with change forever. Though it be
Mingled a little with the salt of grief
From those deep waters out of which we came,
We were lovers long before there was a sea.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

Pilgrims of the Sky

ROSA

SHE has her father's brains without his sense of responsibility. He was an artist of power and of an independence that cost him doubtless the whiff of immortality that was due him. Rosa, before she is eighteen, has already been everywhere with her mind and stayed nowhere; she conceives a new career for herself every week, and every month she moves her dwelling; for a time she is in Greenwich Village, where her haunts have been such that around Washington Square she is known as Rosa, without the Miss or surname; then she is uptown, where she lives with a chaperone who is even more advanced than the Village.

And now Rosa has just been telling me that she slept last night with the bareback riders in the circus. During the performance at the Garden she watched the horses and the elephants, and afterward she went backstage and asked if there might be a chance for her to join the circus. The clown and the girls had said that she would make a beautiful rider, and that there was an opening for her. While they were talking the doors were locked, and so she had to share the girls' bunks, but she had slept like a top.

It would be marvelous, and the dream of her life to be a woman clown, the first in the world, and to do a slow Charleston, which would be funny and beautiful too and would electrify the crowd. Her last ambition of course, she says, is, as everybody knows, to found a theatre, and what could be better than the circus to start with, for the circus is the eternal source and the historical origin of the theatre. It is not the acrobats that attract her, as some sceptic might declare. Not at all. She hates all those lumpy muscles. When it comes to men what she likes is pretty boys, no stronger or not much stronger than she is. No, what she adores in the circus is the elephants. They are so big and smooth when they move. What really charmed her and led her to join the circus—which she is doing in ten days, if the girls let her know there's a place open—was the elephants when they went to sleep. The way they folded their legs under them and sank down. If anybody could just see the baby elephants sleeping, with heads down on their fat little feet! It was irresistible!

Do I think she is too terrible? Quite mad?

No, I say, she is very like a peach orchard in bloom, and no one can blame her.

But is she sinning terribly, the way she acts? Well, I reply, no, I'd say it was only that her petals blew down too fast.

She says that that is the most beautiful compliment ever paid to her, no other man talks like that. All men say is, Mrs. Lane, your daughter is on the brink of disaster, she ought to marry me. But another reason, she says then, for her wanting to join the circus is that they make a tour. And this tour goes through the Middle West, and on the return lap it plays at Dubuque, Iowa, and she'd like to play there for once. Oh, how she hates that place! They have always been so concerned about her and what she did. And wouldn't she like to do that Charleston till it was the limit and stick her leg out at them and put her thumb up to her nose!

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Buddie

He is medium height, well knit, with brown hair, dark-gray eyes, shining eyes and teeth, and a strange pallor to his skin. He gives the impression of almost too much vitality, a vitality that is always insistent, often overspent. His account with life seems to be at the same time both plentiful and overdrawn.

He has a tremendous sense of life, its poetry, naturalness and beauty, its spring and happiness. Life's beauty and life's indecencies are especially dear to him; he is twenty-six and grew up in Providence, Rhode Island, and whatever is wild and obscene appears to him to be gay and deep and priceless. His conversation trembles with sensuous beauty and reeks with strong details, nothing is so dear to him as beauty and nothing so diverting as obscenity. For five years he has studied to be a painter, mostly in Paris, with seasons abroad and short returns to his own country, where he must come every now and then, he says, to swear and call people names—he reels them off freely—the oaths of foreign lands, especially the Latins, have no gusto in them. His talent in painting is great, in drawing at least he can be very brilliant and pure, a quality of line not often seen. His practice of his art is independent and wayward, and for effective results far too intermittent. For a year he drew nothing but thighs, beautiful drawing but plainly very partial; and every year he has wandered a good deal, intellectually, morally and geographically. Meanwhile his greatest talent so far is for talk and for life. He can live inexhaustibly and can pour out in words, with no fear of God or man, what his experience has meant to him, his delight and passion in the world, his conceptions and ideas. It is this gift that may be the ruin of him. It makes him delightful to his friends, and makes him spend more of himself in talk than in painting. Words, however, so far are not his art, and Buddie has one necessary fact to face. Unless he accomplishes a solid amount of painting or at least of some form of art, he will degenerate; this subjective habit will sag into self-consciousness and then pose; this gift and taste for living and this warm fantasy and plunge into experience, this poetic oddity, will become his profession.

From Paris, as time went on, Buddie has run off more and more to the north. As a little boy, he says—as we sit after dinner in a Swedish restaurant that he has found here in New York—all his dreams were of far snowy lands, northern lights and seas flowing about the pole. And so more and more he has been in Norway—his father has cut off his allowance, but there is an aunt who has been his angel and staked him so far—he has worked there on the farms beyond the fjord country, he has swum and fished and been on trawlers with these people of Norway and Sweden.

You ask him why he should leave Paris and he says, Why not? the civilization in Paris is too sophisticated, he chooses Norway. And where else do you find the blonds? In Paris and in the Latin countries like Italy and Spain there are blonds, he supposes—he has never been drawn to visit these places—but in Sweden or Norway they are all blonds.

He likes to be in Norway and see those white people walking in the streets in that wonderful light, all night, all day, like lovely phantoms. He loves the way life strikes its roots there in the soil; everyone he knows there touches the earth somehow, touches the water, the natural world. He loves to see the sun going around the horizon, making a circle around him. That makes him feel as if he were the centre of things. And those blond girls on the farms, if they like you it means everything, if they dislike you you don't exist.

He has learned Norwegian, you had to if you were on a farm where nothing else was spoken, and he reads Knut Hamsun very often, it seems to him the greatest modern writing.

He did run down to the south of France once. But that was to see Renée. You should see Renée! Oh, boy! She was Parisian or Normandy perhaps, but she was blond you can well believe it! Everyone knew Renée and everyone in the Quarter who had the money spent it for her. Then she got tuberculosis, and when he came back from Norway he learned that she had gone to a warmer climate.

He found Renée there at Monaco, that is he found her after looking two days all day long. But she was taking her cure seriously, going to bed early and all that. Some Englishman had taken her under his protection. He was absent at the time, but Renée was being very prudent, if she was not true to him he would cut off the allowance. She walked about and everybody said she was beautiful, so slight and golden, and had a jolly red cape, and when he at last had found her and took her home from the café, he discovered that she was living in an old church—that is, not an old church but a new church that didn't pay and they had turned it into apartments. And Renée was up in the spire, under the chimes. And he had said, Renée, it's funny to find you being so proper and strait-laced and everything and living in a church. And Renée had said, "Yes? Well, you know, I'm growing to be a virgin."

Stark Young.

Noon

The pure air trembles, O pitiless God
The air aches with flame on these gaunt rocks
Over the flat sea's face, the forest
Shakes in gales of piercing light.

But the altars are behind and higher
Where the great hills raise naked heads,
Pale agonists in the reverberance
Of the pure air and the pitiless God.

On the domed skull of every hill
Who stand blazing with spread vans,
The arms uplifted, the eyes in ecstasy?

What wine has the God drunk, to sing
Violently in heaven, what wine his worshipers
Whose silence blazes? The light that is over
Light, the terror of noon, the eyes
That the eagles die at, have thrown down
Me and my pride, here I lie naked
In a hollow of the shadowless rocks,
Full of the God, having drunk fire.

Robinson Jeffers.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Peace Among the Peace Makers

SIR: Your readers may care to know about a most significant conference held recently at the Chicago Beach Hotel. Nearly a hundred leaders who are interested in the whole cause of international good will and friendship spent two days together. The purpose of the gathering was to determine fully what the actual situation was in this country and to reach some basis of unity upon a few major topics if it was at all possible. Many divergent elements were represented in the group and the seemingly impossible was achieved by the finest of unity and good feeling at the end.

The World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches undertook the task of bringing together leaders of the various schools of thought for the purpose of finding an agreement if possible. The Alliance took the initiative in this matter because it has expanded its program and its leadership to include the total religious life of the country and in carrying out its program has established a Speakers' Bureau to serve the whole nation.

There was a wide divergence of opinion, which was emphasized as the proceedings began. A Committee was appointed to make a report on a possible "Harmony Program." That is, they were to take all the ideas and points of view and formulate a series of propositions to which all might give assent. After a prolonged meeting this Harmony Committee agreed unanimously upon the program, which is now being recommended to all the peace organizations in the country as a basis for future work.

The program urges the "outlawry of war"—making war a crime under international law—as the unifying purpose and dominating motive of all peace groups.

It favors membership of the United States in the Permanent Court of International Justice "under satisfactory conditions," but recommends that America "be prepared through education and organization" to take a larger part in international coöperation.

It urges the government of the United States to participate in the extension of arbitration agreements and allied forms of peaceful settlements among European countries.

It recognizes the League of Nations as the only existing world organization furnishing " a pacific substitute for the war system," and expresses the opinion that the United States should study ways and means by which it can coöperate more effectively in the activities of the League.

It advocates taking "practical steps" to reduce armaments. It opposes "any tendencies which put undue emphasis on militarism in education," particularly compulsory military training in public schools and colleges, except those institutions established specifically for military education.

HARRY N. HOLMES.

New York, N. Y.

States' Rights as Crab Philosophy

SIR: My comments on your issue of June 9 would be—the next President, if Republican, will not be Borah. It will be Lowden of Illinois.

In November, I was at a convention in Chicago. I saw the hosts gather from that virile land beyond the Mississippi. I saw they felt the present government was not theirs, but an Eastern alien. When people rose to tell about New York they would say, "Oh! That is New York!"—an exotic.

It was plain that to hold the West—keep it from joining the Democratic South, the Republican party would have to go West—a little.

Watch Lowden. He is a farmer, but not too much a farmer!—Not too far West!

The other comment on your June 9 issue is commendation on the article, The Great Jeffersonian Joke. It did me good to hear the real truth about States' Rights. The Jeffersonians were what your article says, climbers with a little property, who wished to be let alone in order to realize their little business deals. The men today who call for State Control call for it because it is nearer *no control,* which is what they want for their business—forty-eight different treatments for child labor, for instance.

Nationwide action for nationwide common evils is the only progressive call: to be followed—if there is to be salvation for western civilization—by international action, world-action against great, common world-evils—like opium, for example.

Nothing else will get anywhere! Of course, we want the local units active for the idea of the Centre, but extreme localism is the political philosophy of a Crab. States' Rights today is that Crab! Fight the Crab, New Republic.

E. H. TILTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

Confessions of an Editorial Writer

SIR: Although no editorial writer can deny the truth of the statements made by the anonymous author of the Confessions of an Editorial Writer, I am confident that many would agree that the most significant features of our profession were omitted.

An editorial writer has more to cause him unhappiness than the feeling that often his written statements may lack absolutely veracity because of his inability, in the short space of time allowed him, to check his data. He must, for example, in these days of industrial strife and the ever-present fear of business decline, give his readers the impression that all's well with the United States at least, and that no cloud is in the sky. To do this he must manufacture prosperity tales out of whole cloth, even though the financial columns of his own newspaper sound warnings of breakers ahead. If he can obtain a brief news item showing an increase in bank clearings for New York City in January, 1926, over January, 1925, he has enough material to develop a rousing editorial upon prosperity. His conclusions are not questioned. Those who are working will admit the truth of anything he says. Those out of employment will assume that there is plenty of work and big wages to be obtained elsewhere.

Editorially, I take no cognizance of periods of depression. Readers of my paper are consumers and are not to be frightened from buying to the full extent that they feel able. Newspapers are supported chiefly by advertisers and normal trade must not be hampered by jeremiads.

When I consider labor problems, I fight shy of local controversies. Those struggles at a considerable distance may be discussed with reasonable freedom, the extent of my independence being in direct proportion to the distance I am removed from the centre of hostilities. A doctor's thesis might be written upon the subject of headline writing as a means of coloring a newspaper's attitude toward labor issues, but that is out of the province of an editorial writer.

I have discovered no daily paper that is not constantly harping upon law enforcement with the tone of a precocious infant. Although we couch our outbursts in unlike phrases, we employ the identical formula. We insist that justice be swift and sure. We want all criminals speedily brought to trial and given long sentences. We are opposed to leniency toward all criminals in the abstract, but clearly favor it for every criminal in particular who happens to be caught. Then we soften, and begin to limit comments to mild assertions that justice must be unhampered.

Your anonymous contributor seems to have the delightful faculty of continuing at his profession without becoming cynical. He apparently believes that a modern newspaper, with all its defects, possesses a deep strain of virtue in its make-up. In its news columns it is probably more honest than it was ten years ago, although there still remains considerable room for improvement. If conscious honesty and sincere disinterestedness made up any portion of the combined labors of all the reporters and

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editorial writers in the United States, America would be on the highroad toward Utopia. As a matter of fact we dodge the vital issues of life or distort them. Can you imagine a Chicago paper editorially demanding that Negroes be granted full protection in trying to live wherever they desire? How many newspapers anywhere have taken even a reasonably advanced stand upon the color issue? Does your confessing journalist know of any daily paper that has openly and vigorously championed labor in any controversy with its employers, with the exception, of course, of the scattered and insignificant dailies controlled by radical groups?

The newspaper which I have served for a decade does not utilize the services of that sterling patriot, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, but I find amusement and profit in seeking to discover the source of his popularity. It lies, I am convinced, in his ability to be all things to all men. If we read Mr. Brisbane's column steadily, we will discover that while we may disagree with three-fourths of his patented wisdom, we will find ourselves in hearty accord with the remaining one-fourth. Unless we are interested in journalistic research, we do not observe that the able scribe is a real estate boomer, an ardent militarist and jingoist, and a consistent enemy of organized labor.

There is in the United States at least one series of newspapers that pretends to liberalism. It has amassed millions through maintaining this pretense. Examining its publications carefully, one discovers that its friendship for the oppressed boils down to the simple operation of exposing the treatment of Countess Károlyi or Lady Cathcart by our fearful State Department to the accompaniment of a full orchestra but never, under any circumstances, compromising itself with the dry goods merchants or with the most reactionary financial or industrial chieftains in the territory it directly serves.

Fundamentally, these publications differ not an iota from their conservative competitors. The latter are, if anything, imbued with a shade more honesty in their hostility toward unions. While the former will ignore labor warfare in their editorial columns, if of local origin, and give a sort of unbiased summary to other major industrial conflicts, the latter will go a step farther in showing their true colors and urge their readers that "this is not the right time to press demands for increased wages" or inform them sagely that "strikes are costly and injure capital, labor and the public."

I have become hardened to my work. I confess frankly that the problem of caring for wife and children burdens me to a greater extent than my frequent lapses from intellectual rectitude. Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from mourning the fact that the most powerful influence for molding public opinion is worse than useless in aiding us in our eternal struggle for a freer and happier existence.

X. Y. Z.

New York, N. Y.

A Rational Calendar

SIR: It is probable that an international conference will soon be called to determine the advisability of revising the calendar. The main object of such a revision would be to fix the relation of week-day names to calendar dates. Numerous proposals to this end have been studied by the Secretariat and Committee of Enquiry of the League of Nations and a report to the League may soon be made. On the other side of the water the demand for such a change grows mainly out of desire for a fixed Easter. For in many parts of Europe, from time immemorial, Easter has been the date on which annual farm contracts have taken effect. This has made the farm years of unequal length, an inconvenience which a fixed Easter would remedy.

On this side, the United States Weather Bureau has shown an interest in the question and a Canadian organization adopting an international name has gained considerable support for a thirteen-month proposal. It would seem more rational as well as more practical, however, to recognize the astronomical division of the year into four seasons of ninety-one days each with only four breaks in the numerical reckoning, than to ignore the seasonal division and make thirteen arbitrary breaks in the numbering which are not justified even by an agreement with the twenty-nine day lunar month. The following is an outline of the four-season proposal.

The year divides naturally into four seasons, winter and summer beginning at the solstices and spring and autumn at the equinoxes. Suppose we do away with the irrational division into months of unequal length, push the New Year back to the midnight of the year, the winter solstice, and stop the troublesome progression of calendar dates through the days of the week by the simple expedient of making the 365th day, as well as the 366th, an intercalary day.

Let us restore to the winter solstice, which now falls on December 21, its ancient name, Yule, "the turning of the sun," and make of it an international holiday inserted between the last Saturday of the old year and the first Sunday of the new. The first day of the year will then always be Sunday and this will cause every other date to fall on the same day of the week every year. Christmas could properly be celebrated on the first day of the year or, if this three-day change of date were unacceptable, on the Wednesday following.

Let us give to each season thirteen weeks—ninety-one days. This will make the four seasons nearly coincide with the natural divisions, each period of thirteen weeks beginning with the Sunday following the solstice or equinox. Easter, the first Sunday after the spring equinox, will fall always on what is now March 23, the earliest date on which Easter can now occur, and will be—the Church permitting—a fixed festival. Midsummer Day, with a slight change of name, will be observed on the first Sunday after the summer solstice and Harvest observances can be held on the first Sunday after the equinox. This will give to the first day of each season a special significance.

For brevity let us write W for winter, V (Ver) for spring, S for summer and A for autumn. December 22, Sunday, will appear as 1 W; February 5, forty-five days later, will be 46 W; and Easter Sunday, the beginning of spring, 1V. The last day of spring will be Saturday, 91 V, except in leap years when an intercalary holiday, 92 V, will be inserted between the last Saturday in spring and the first Sunday in summer. June 22 will be 1 S and 1 A will fall usually on September 21. The year will end with 91 A, a holiday, Yule.

SEASONAL CALENDAR

For Winter (W), Spring (V), Summer (S), or Autumn (A).

Su	1	8	15	22	29	36	43	50	57	64	71	78	85
Mo	2	9	16	23	30	37	44	51	58	65	72	79	86
Tu	3	10	17	24	31	38	45	52	59	66	73	80	87
We	4	11	17	25	32	39	46	53	60	67	74	81	88
Th	5	12	18	26	33	40	47	54	61	68	75	82	89
Fr	6	13	19	27	34	41	48	55	62	69	76	83	90
Sa	7	14	20	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84	91

Intercalary days, 92 A (Yule) and 92 V (in leap year)

Reckoning everywhere of interest and rent and all other calculations having to do with dates will be made easier by this abolition of our clumsy month reckoning. Not only will wall calendars contain but one table of thirteen weeks, equally adapted to all seasons and to all years, but interest computation books will be correspondingly simplified. How much easier it will be to find the number of days between, say, 8 W and 70 W than between December 29 and March 1, or between 64 W and 72 V than between February 23 and June 2. In interest reckoning we will have to do only with seasons—quarters of the year—and with days. A period of 91 days, 13 weeks, will take the place of the very common 90 day time on short loans. For still shorter loans a less number of weeks would be named, so that a note given on a Monday would fall due on a Monday. The week, a division of time now ignored in business time calculations, will more often be recognized.

These are some of the arguments for the Rational Calendar; others will occur, no doubt, to the reader. Man travels for the most part in ruts; why not take some of the jolts out of the ruts?

DANA J. TINNES.

Grand Forks, N. D.

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A Christian Man of the World

Lay Thoughts of a Dean, by William Ralph Inge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 336 pages. $2.50.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE in his farewell to the Cathedral series apologized for writing about clergymen not in what concerns their high calling and spiritual life, but in their secular quality as men of the world. In that aspect they are very much like the rest of mankind, fitted for the uses of the novelist but tending little toward edification. The same is true of Dean Inge. As philosopher, theologian and Dean of St. Paul's Doctor Inge has made a place for himself among thinkers of distinction. His Christian Mysticism and certain of the Outspoken Essays contain some of the ripest thought of our time. Particularly has Doctor Inge dwelt on the need of recognizing a world of absolute values, and the part of religion and philosophy in defining it. It is disappointing to find his lay thoughts quite indifferent to such values. His deliverances in the present volume are divided into literary, political, social and religious. Except for one or two essays under the last head they are without distinction except that of an inveterate class and national prejudice. Coming down to ordinary affairs of the day the thoughts of a dean are quite the thoughts of the man in the street—and at that the man in the street of a bad period.

One of the attitudes for which Dean Inge is famous is scepticism in regard to social progress, except by way of eugenics. This scepticism is characteristic of the present volume, not as a logical challenge, but as a reiterated prejudice. Except for a plea to save dumb animals from sportsmanship the Dean is retrograde in nearly every direction in which we perhaps too hopefully see some advance. One of the wholesome signs of the time is the growing disposition of peoples to quash the indictment of Germany as solely responsible for the War and to look on themselves as sharing the guilt. Dean Inge remains the nationalistic Pharisee, thanking God that the Englishman is not as other men are. In this view he finds naturally great support in the letters of Walter Hines Page, who had from the first the flattering conception "that the Great War was no struggle between predatory empires for lost predominance, but a plain matter of right and wrong, in which the Allies were in the right and Germany in the wrong."

Under the spell of Mr. Page's letters Dean Inge shows himself of the goodly company of those who learn nothing and forget everything that is obnoxious to their point of view. He recalls the state of mind of England during the War, the feeling "that we had backed a bill for Belgium which we never expected to see presented, but which we were bound in honor to acknowledge," the horror at "the Lusitania crime," and at "the excesses of the Germans which in the well considered opinion of Lord Bryce, had had no parallel in Western Europe since the wars of religion three hundred years ago." He seems never to have heard of Lord Grey's engagements to France, of the arms and munitions on board the Lusitania, of doubts cast on the validity of the Bryce report which it is common property that Lord Bryce himself came to share. His critical sense quite vanishes when he takes it on the authority of Page that "Mr. Wilson disliked this country, and did all he could to keep America out of the War," and believes that there was "a possibility that the United States government might repeat the crime of 1812, and stab us in the back while we were fighting for our existence and the liberties of Europe." The whole matter is summed up for him in the brusque assertion: "The Germans meant to conquer the world, and in so doing to perpetrate massacres of non-combatants on a scale which would throw the exploits of Attila, Genghis Khan and Timour into the shade." Of course the Dean is far from advocating a thorough eye for eye and tooth for tooth policy, but he exempts himself from condemning the starvation blockade of Germany and Austria after the Armistice by declaring that the stories of suffering told by the "Save the Children Fund," were much exaggerated. ("Why cannot good people be content to speak the truth?") "It is one thing to plead for Christianity and common sense; it is quite another thing to declare in the teeth of evidence, that the Germans were not the aggressors in the late War . . . The Germans are condemned by such unimpeachable testimony [sic] as that which we find in Ambassador Page's correspondence."

Of the virtues of his own people of the upper class, and of the high merit of their dealings with the world the Dean is triumphantly assured. The Empire flourished by reason of qualities to which he calls another unimpeachable witness. "Mr. Winston Churchill speaks of 'that sense of detachment and impartiality, that power of comprehending the other man's point of view' which has always been the secret of our success in administering alien countries and provinces. The claim is just." Apparently the Dean thinks Mr. Winston Churchill's testimony sufficient in this cause. What intelligent Chinese, Indians, Egyptians, Arabs think of British detachment and impartiality it is not, of course, worth while to inquire. The evidence of the blacks of Australia as to the success of British administration is no longer available. They have suffered the fate that Germany plotted; but the natives of Kenya are still asking for a hearing. But with sentimentalists who question the justice of British administration Dean Inge has no patience. Indeed, he becomes quite querulous on occasion. "Whether we are contending against white, black, or brown antagonists, these disinterested friends of the human race (except England) come forward with their advocacy of the other side . . . But it will generally be found that the anti-English Englishman has alien blood in his veins." This will serve for the late E. D. Morel; but how about Wilfrid Scawen Blunt?

Next to Germany as a criminal nation Dean Inge places Soviet Russia, but as he finds no Page to give him the lead in direct attack he contents himself with sniping throughout his essays. With never a word of the Tsarist régime, he estimates that "some thirty millions of lives have been sacrificed to the Moloch of Communism." He cites without blinking the table published in the Paris Gaulois as the report of an "Extraordinary Commission," which the Dean calls "notorious," but which has long been regarded as fictitious, giving executions by classes amounting to 1,572,718. Other shots are: "Russia has been almost literally decapitated by the extermination of all its intelligent citizens; the materials for recovery in that unhappy country no longer exist." And he adds with a warning finger: "The ruin in a more advanced community would be even more complete." How could it be? The Dean is one of those enlightened persons who believe in birth control, but a falling birth rate in Russia must on no account be attributable to education, or even to the operation of the same self-interest which decreased fecundity in France after the Revolution. "The birth rate of Russia, which before the War was at the barbaric rate of 44 per thousand has fallen now by 40 percent. It seems that even the moujik, little accustomed as he is to self-restraint, shrinks from the cruelty of bringing children into the

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world of Lenin and Trotsky." As in the case of the British Empire, Dean Inge has a fabular explanation to offer for the Russian Revolution by which the blame is shifted to Germans and Jews. "It seems quite possible that German-Jewish commercial and industrial firms hoped by destroying Russian industrialism to clear the way for future exploitation of the country by German-Jewish capital. It is highly probable that when the terrorists in Russia have fallen, the reconstruction of the country will be largely financed by German Jews."

For the United States the Dean places his faith in Mr. Lothrop Stoddard and Professor MacDougall. Looking for the "class mark" in America he finds it in the Nordic mythmakers and the British Empire society. Everything not Anglo-Saxon is alien. This passage, as an expression of the Dean's standards of accuracy, humanity and Christian feeling, deserves to be quoted: "A still more deadly blow to the Puritan tradition has been dealt by allowing many millions of Irish to settle in the country. These immigrants are more dangerous to the solidarity of the American type than the Negroes, because the Negroes cannot long tolerate the hard winters of the North and Middle West. Tuberculosis kills them off."

Altogether it may be regretted that the Dean has allowed himself to be unfrocked by the enterprise of an American publisher. It is tragic to see a mind like his, so keen and lucid in discourse upon matters in his own field, revealed in its dealings with the common affairs of mankind, as of a staleness slightly relieved by touches of perversity. It tends to strengthen one's own doubts of the reality of progress which he so strenuously denies. The English Church has long exercised the social function of a museum, in which are preserved the types of former ages. Dean Inge has always been a vigorous defender of the Victorians. We did not know that he so perfectly was one. Complacency was the note of that age. It drove Carlyle to scorn and Ruskin to madness. Dean Inge quotes dithyrambic passages from Page's letters in celebration of the virtues of the English race. "The world never saw a finer lot of men than the best of their ruling class. I meet such men everywhere—gently bred, high-minded, physically fit, intellectually cultivated, patriotic." . . . "There never was such a race . . . except the thorough-bred American . . . " One seems to hear the voices of Sir Charles Adderly and Mr. Roebuck chiming out "the best breed in the whole world," in Matthew Arnold's quotation in the essay on the Function of Criticism, and Arnold's rebuke—the newspaper story of the girl Wragge who had killed her illegitimate child in the dismal Mapperly Hills. Dean Inge has no use for such stories. They lack the class mark. For him all the wretchedness and starvation of the working class in England since the War resolves itself into the declaration that "a class of workingmen who were able, by threats of strikes, to obtain all that they asked for from the government, is showing a total absence of patriotic spirit by constantly increasing their demands, and by not even attempting to earn their pay." Here we have the voice of laissez faire from Manchester of the forties. And when we read further: "We can hardly do our generation a worse service than by stirring up bitter and causeless discontent with present conditions, under which the masses are better off than they have ever been before. . . . We can choose between a perfect commonwealth in the clouds and an imperfect but tolerable one—a poor thing but our own—on earth," what is this but the voice of Macaulay proclaiming an acre of Middlesex better than a principality in Utopia?

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Past Wars and Rumors of New Ones

Warfare: A study of military methods from the earliest times, by Col. Oliver L. Spaulding, Jr., Capt. Hoffman Nickerson and Col. John W. Wright. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 601 pages. $3.75.

Paris, or the Future of War, by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 86 pages. $1.

THREE American officers have collaborated in a bulky book on the past history of warfare, designed to help in training for the next war, while a British officer has been writing a concise little treatise on the future of war. Though both books are rather disheartening to those who blithely accepted the myth about a "war to end war," it is not hard to guess which of the two is going to have the wider appeal. The future of war is always an interesting, if terrifying, subject; whereas to the average man history is at best suspect, technical history something worse, and the history of military technique of all things least endurable.

That is likely to be the first impression of the reader who picks up the fat red volume which its authors have succinctly entitled Warfare. But this first impression will be no more accurate than first impressions usually are. The three authors have contrived to write a book that is not only interesting and technically valuable, but at times—in the best sense—even amusing. They have made their book readable by gracing the forbidding subject of military history with a hundred and one deft little human touches, and they have given the past an extremely modern air. That the ancient cavalryman was comparatively helpless because nobody thought of stirrups until about 500 A. D.; that the horseman was consequently at the mercy of any doughboy who could catch his foot and yank him out of the saddle; that a knight wearing the early mediæval helmet imperiled his nose; that Hannibal maintained a spy system in the best modern style; that the Carthaginian war-elephants served essentially the same purpose as modern tanks; that in 1914 a little state like Serbia could mobilize almost as many men as the Roman Empire in its heyday; that a regiment of the United States Army once issued pikes to its rear-rank men; that the Turks besieging Constantinople in 1453 used bigger guns than the Germans used in Belgium—all these may be unimportant facts, but they make history seem strangely alive and up to date.

Warfare covers military history from that very hypothetical period—"the earliest times"—to Frederick the Great. It is unfortunate that the authors carry us no further. A little condensation would have improved the book as a whole and would have left room for the periods of greatest interest—the nineteenth century and the twentieth century to 1914.

Captain Hart picks up the history of warfare where the Armistice left it. Few men are better qualified to discuss the subject than Colonel Repington's successor as military critic of the London Daily Telegraph. He is not only the author of a standard work on infantry tactics, but he has closely followed the post-war manœuvres at which the tactics and strategy of the next war are being worked out, and has recently been made military editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Captain Hart is brilliantly speculative and also highly heretical. He attacks the sacred

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doctrine launched by Napoleon, formulated by Clausewitz, and consecrated by the German General Staff, which asserts that a commander's proper object is the destruction of the enemy's armed forces. Captain Hart points out that subduing the enemy's will—which Clausewitz put last instead of first—is the real goal, and that future methods of warfare will have to be governed by this fact.

And how is this "moral objective" to be attained?

Until the invention of aircraft it was impossible to strike at the enemy's "home front," the true moral objective, without first disposing of his army. Hence the idea that the army was the thing to hit. In the next war we shall know better. We shall be able to leap over the soldiers and hit the civilians, the industrial centres, the lines of communication, and the high command. We shall subdue the will of the enemy quickly and easily—always provided he is not so rude as to turn the tables in advance!

Captain Hart almost out-Mitchells the chief American advocate of aircraft when he asserts that the air will become "the sole medium of future warfare." But this, he thinks, is not an immediate prospect. We shall have land armies for many years to come, but they will have to increase their mobility by a wider use of tanks—the cavalry of the future—and improved motor transport, which will probably leave the roads and move cross country. Captain Hart has great faith in the future of the tank, a faith which last summer's British manœuvres seem to justify. He is also a thorough believer in gas warfare and its relative humanity.

His book is free from rhetoric and bombast, cool, clear and intelligent. The worst thing about his views is that they are undoubtedly correct in all essentials.

JOHN BAKELESS.

The Children's Dilemma

Woman's Dilemma, by Alice Beal Parsons. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 310 pages. $2.50.

IN Passaic, where women commonly stand for ten hours through the night at their wool spinning machines, and then return to their families by day, the woman's dilemma is dealt with in an entirely primitive, if barbarous fashion. I asked one of these workers how her day was spent. She thus described it:

> She works as carder in the Botany mill where she has to report for duty at seven o'clock each evening. All night she stands at the machine, lifting the heavy card rolls, taking them out as they fill, and replacing them by others. At five o'clock she returns to her tenement home, where her husband and six children await her. Until six, she said, she tries to snatch a bit of rest, but then she gets up to prepare the family breakfast, help her husband off to work and three of the children to school. When they are gone she attempts once more to sleep, with the three remaining children at home in the same room with her, or even in bed also to keep them quiet. "But, you know, Baby no keep still; all time call, Mamma get up." After an hour or two of this, she staggers to her feet to clean the house, wash, scrub, market, and prepare the noonday meal. Another attempt at rest in the early afternoon, with the children perhaps in charge of the one of six at play in the street below: "But I no sleep, how I not know they get kill from automobile?" Then more housework, and the evening meal to prepare before once more at seven o'clock she begins the night in the mill. "By Saturday I like dead person for tired. Me work like horse, but me not strong like horse."

When I asked her why she chose the night shift, she said quite simply that she wanted to be with her children by day. This was the invariable explanation given by sixty night workers interviewed during the present strike, all but two of whom had children of tender age. Paid caretakers it developed were generally distrusted, and with reason from the stories told. Yet the wages paid to men are so absurdly inadequate in these Passaic mills—$18, $20, $22 weekly—that mothers must work whether they will or not.

Seasoned feminists of course refuse to be shocked by stories of this kind. Indeed they almost welcome them as showing how irresistible is the march of modern industrial evolution. These women of Passaic, according to the most advanced theory, are merely performing their ancient and traditional duty of spinning woolen cloth, once done at home, but now under superior modern industrial conditions, done in the factory. Naturally, they insist, working conditions in such mills are far too arduous, and should be made less so, and women obviously ought not attempt to carry the double burden of mother and homemaker along with factory toil. Instead, their household duties, through a process of complete reorganization and subdivision, should be briskly reduced to a minimum, and their children handed over to "experts" to tend and educate.

It all sounds so simple—on paper. Though even on paper it is hard to imagine how one would set about convincing one of those vast breasted Polish women that her mill life could ever be made more satisfying than staying at home, pottering about her household jobs and taking care of her children herself. Yet while Mrs. Parsons obviously is not writing with an eye primarily to industrial workers, she states the case for independent careers for women skilfully and in places irresistibly. She has none of the shrillness and bitterness of the earlier feminist writers, nor the hardness and shininess of too many of their present day successors. Instead, she is fair-minded and non-dogmatic, and her style both flexible and gay. She has assembled at great pains and with a nice eye for historical perspective much interesting material bearing on the differences between men and women, which effectively dispels the ancient superstition that women are inherently men's mental inferiors. In turn she raises and answers in the negative—with ample evidence to support her answers—such questions as, are women infantile, are there sexual differences in mental traits, have men greater variability, do secondary sexual characters enhance the joys of love, and she most admirably discusses sex and genius, showing the deadly effects of custom and environment in preventing women from developing in various fields, a condition happily changing in the present.

Having thus cleared the road by proving that women have no innate disabilities, either physical or mental, to prevent their choosing a course of life as freely as men choose theirs, Mrs. Parsons proceeds to ask whether it is desirable that they should thus freely choose it. This involves of course a complete reorganization of the home, which is still in the handicraft stage. Will the modernized home retain the qualities that are vital to human well-being? It is of course just here that the whole feminist argument stands or falls: here is the most troublesome horn of the woman's dilemma. The home, admits Mrs.

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Parsons, "is indispensable both to the preservation of individuality and to the preservation of social morals. It is quite literally the refuge of the spirit." Yet because of modern industrial development, women can no longer function adequately either socially or economically who remain merely in the home. So many processes once done there are now being performed outside that the tasks that remain are merely petty and nagging. "The mother who was formerly teacher, doctor, nurse, maker of clothes, producer of food, has become simply the person who cooks a little, washes, scrubs, dusts, and where her children are concerned tries to carry out the doctor's orders when they are ill, but if she is financially able, hires a more competent nurse to do this, just as she pays taxes to the community to hire a more competent teacher to instruct them."

Mrs. Parsons is further alarmed because the trend of wages appears to prove that men's wages are becoming increasingly inadequate for family needs. (Recent studies of Paul Douglas show the reverse.) She then briefly touches on the various remedies proposed, price fixing, minimum wage, family extra wage, maintenance of children's bills, and the like. The most natural solution, she says, is to have women resume their historic share of economic responsibility, instead of saddling it all upon men alone. In a few quick pages, she then suggests the practical changes needed in the home, if women are thus definitely to live their working lives outside of it. Central kitchens to deliver cooked food, expert cleaning companies to supply skilled housecleaners on call, more husbands willing to help their wives with the few household duties that remain.

As for the children, they too can be efficiently provided for. Child birth insurance to enable the mother to rest before and after the advent of each baby, all-day nursery schools and crèches to take babies between the ages of one and three years, all-day schools from then on. These places since they will be run by experts will be far safer places for children than the average home, "with the one very important exception of the element of maternal solicitude and love, and this has ample opportunity to function when the mother takes her baby home each day."

Of course all mothers will not be expected to follow these more modern ways. In fact, says Mrs. Parsons, "our collective lives will be richer if the strands of which they are woven have many colors," and if therefore some women "love the accumulated poetries of traditional ways too well to change them." Such women are, she says, like the farmer who picturesquely prefers to use oxen instead of the tractor in ploughing. And of course there's "nothing to prevent the mother from becoming a specialist herself and caring competently for a dozen or a score of children, with adequate recompense for her work, instead of caring incompetently for her own two or three or four, and finding herself out of pocket in return for her work."

As I have said, it all sounds so simple on paper. Indeed, too many of Mrs. Parson's arguments, in these chapters at any rate, are oversimplified. Children, with all our pains, cannot thus be tidily disposed of. Even in the most favored communities, expert supervision is not available for all the hours of a mother's working day. Schools and nurseries are not open Saturdays, nor during long Christmas and Easter vacations, nor in the summer months. Frequently they open in the morning after the time when mothers must be at work, and close before they can return. Children fall ill, bad weather keeps them at home, some children are too nervous or too unstable to stand a long school day. Nor is expert supervision the whole of a child's need. We know little enough about the growth of personality, but assuredly there must be early established and sustained for the little child that subtle give and take, based on affection and deep intimacy such as no expert, however devoted, can be expected to supply. And to believe that the day's allowance of mother love can be supplied by arbitrarily turning on the tap at five o'clock when a work-weary mother calls for the child is a bleak conception indeed. Not that nursery schools and all-day schools are not desirable—they are, as I have strongly urged elsewhere. But they cannot in the nature of the case be expected to release the mother for more than a part time job. Industry may not be favorable to part time employment, as Mrs. Parsons declares. But after all, industry can change and does change on demand. If women are increasingly to enter it, and to become increasingly important in it, why should they not modify it more in accordance with human necessity, and the supreme need of children to receive at least a modicum of maternal oversight and care?

AGNES DE LIMA.

The Marco Polo of Lost Cities

Digging for Lost African Gods, The Record of Five Years' Archaeological Excavation in North Africa, by Byron Khun de Prorok. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 369 pages. $6.

IN these days, when the North Pole is only a few hours from Spitzbergen and news of its crossing is carried in the press of the world the next day, the field of romantic exploration has shifted. Romance lies no longer on the surface of the earth, but below the ground. To explore the dead cities of the past, to reënter through the portals of the imagination Phœnicia, Byzantium, ancient Egypt, the world of prehistoric man, this is now the real adventure. The archæologists, paleontologists and ethnologists are the Livingstons, the Père Marquettes and the Hendrik Hudsons. Through them the dead speak, and the lost is found.

Now comes the modern Marco Polo of North Africa, with a tale every bit as fabulous and as colorful as the travels which fired our ancestors. Young, titled, handsome, efficient, the Count de Prorok is the perfect amateur, the perfect lover of archæology. To say that his book is as exciting as a detective story seriously understates the case. It thrills with enthusiasm on every page, an infectious enthusiasm which will undoubtedly fill all the Mediterranean steamers with wide-eyed youths and maidens in search of the Kublai Khans of today.

Digging for Lost African Gods is a book for the laity. The cautious statements, the qualified observations, of the older scientists are not for Count de Prorok. He follows the lure of dead cities and basks in the beauty of the African moonlight. And frankly, he is delightful.

Here is a paragraph from his description of Dougga:

> This was a city of gods, and of men like gods. Beauty possessed their souls, and genius was their endowment. Not in this earth is there the equal in grace and beauty of the marble temple that crowns the hill. To see Dougga is to see antiquity, to weep for an age of beauty that may not return. . . .
>
> Let there be no misunderstanding of these dead cities. The galleons of Spain carried in their hulls not more than the fraction of the wonders lying under the loam of North Africa. There is work for many generations. There is value, scientific, artistic, intrinsic, to be dug from the dust.

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So full has the press of the world been recently of the doings of the Count and his co-workers that it is unnecessary here to tell in detail of the valuable work at Carthage, Utica, the submarine city near the Island of Djerba, and the rest.

But, as one who is also a lover of lost cities, I should like to ask the Count whether, in the funds he is raising to continue the work, he also includes a fund for maintaining the treasures so enthusiastically brought to light. For I well remember the melancholy sight of the amphitheatre at his dear Carthage. Before the War the French excavated here and found the place very nearly intact, with stage, columns and massive seats of white marble. But no provision was made for draining this archæological treasure which had lain safely hidden for so many centuries. The torrential African rains came and, pouring down the great bowl, dislodged the seats and columns; and the Arabs came and carried off the slabs to burn for the lime they need to whitewash their houses. The amphitheatre is today a shell. It were well to take stock before it is too late, lest future generations, to whom the great past belongs quite as much as to ourselves, look upon the invasion of enthusiastic god-diggers as only one degree less disastrous than that earlier invasion of the Vandals which laid so much of beauty and romance under the African sun.

EUNICE TIETJENS.

Leadership

Four American Party Leaders, by Charles E. Merriam. New York: The Macmillan Company. 104 pages. $1.50.

JUST what makes a man a leader is a question upon which many speculate, and but few seem to be able to say very much that is at all cogent. Professor Merriam in his latest volume attempts to approach the problem by specific studies of four American political leaders, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson and Bryan. He is admirably systematic in ordering his facts, and his knowledge of the situations through which these men traveled is extensive, but in the end it is perfectly apparent that not much by way of explanation has been accomplished. About all that one can say is that here are four men who had such and such traits, and they were important leaders. In fact the most important factor seems to be that which prevented Bryan from having the political success of the other three: "He lacked, however, the little dash of luck that saved Lincoln and Roosevelt and Wilson."

Wilson was austere and aloof, diagnosing trends of group aspiration by intuition, and fascinating the masses by his skilful written rhetoric. Bryan was an exceedingly easy mixer among the common people of the West and South, who sensed with especial acuity moral trends in mass opinion, and who wielded tremendous power by spoken rhetoric. Roosevelt had the capacity rapidly to move up and down the social scale, to discover popular causes, and to strike a middle course, pleasing to the rebels, but not dangerous to the vested interests. Lincoln skilfully combined political, economic and moral elements in his attitude toward his times. He was gracious personally and was gifted as a rhetorician. All of these figures had humor, ability in political strategy and courage of a sort. But how widely they differed! Wilson and Bryan, Roosevelt and Lincoln!

In the face of the contradictions any particular theory falls to the ground, and the student is reduced to careful studies such as these of Doctor Merriam. But even so it must be remembered that the leaders so studied are *dead* leaders. At the very moment a leader of a new sort may arise. Three qualities seem, however, to be indispensable to successful leadership: an ability to diagnose the mass mind, a gift for written or spoken rhetoric and the blessing of luck. It is delightful to discover that the quality these leaders studied by Doctor Merriam did not have is that which has made modern civilization possible. Generalizing in his concluding chapter he observes: "All had intelligence of a high order, in most cases of an unusual kind. However, this intelligence was not critically scientific as much as it was parliamentary, poetical, prophetic in nature." No wonder human political affairs are in such a muddle.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

Conrad Aiken's Poetry

Priapus and the Pool, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Boni and Liveright. 150 pages. $2.

MR. AIKEN is never a mediocre poet. He is not always lucid, nor does he always succeed in transmuting a private emotion into a universal one, but his poetry is always distinguished by vivid imagery, powerful atmosphere and superb musical effects. Out of the somewhat exotic texture of his work flash brilliant phrases, intricate patterns of thought, harmonies of color, sound and fragrance never sensed before.

A strange world we have here created for us. It is a world concrete enough for us to feel, but distorted by its creator into something requiring patience to understand. And ever in our minds is the annoying query: Is it worth our understanding? There are those who will say it is, whose spirits will gladly follow the faintly lighted paths through mysterious forests. Others, in the majority, of course, will turn back shortly, preferring broader and more familiar ways.

It is not easy to disclose the themes of these poems. They concern a variety of moods and conceptions. One note, however, is dominant: that of frustration, intellectual and spiritual. In this sense the book may be said to be depressing. But then, readers of modern poetry should be hardened to this note. It has been sounded frequently enough. Seldom, though, has it been combined with such poignant lyricism as in this volume.

GLENN HUGHES.

Short Stories

Here and Beyond, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

IT IS almost a misfortune to win the favor of those exacting mentors the critics to such an extent as Mrs. Wharton did with Ethan Frome and The Fruit of the Tree—for nothing she has since done has been allowed to fall short of these admitted heights without the most vociferous remonstrance, which in the case of the present volume of excellent tales seems to the present reviewer unfair. One of the stories (Miss Mary Pask) is undeniably futile and wambling, unredeemed by the finish of its style. Another (The Young Gentlemen) is strained and far-fetched, and Velvet Earpads is disappointingly brittle and ineffective. But Bewitched held for us all Mrs. Wharton's accustomed vigor and sharpness of contour and the stern poise and purposive movement of her best work. The Seed of the Faith has power, sweep and

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dark passion, and The Temperate Zone reaffirms the Jamesian tradition with delicate psychological shadings and all the refinements of a rigid æsthetic code subtly conveyed to the reader. We feel sure that if this volume came to hand under an unknown name it would be received with praise if not general enthusiasm.

The Nest, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THESE stories having all appeared before the publication of The Little French Girl have retrospective interest in the light of that novel's reception, even when read for the first time. The collection would be still more interesting if the stories were presented in chronological sequence. As it is one can only guess at the order of development in Mrs. Sedgwick's art—from the "first attempt" (Miss Jones and the Masterpiece) rather deprecatingly introduced, to the title-story which seems most nearly to approach the technical mastery of her present. The White Pagoda is an interior decorator's romance, hyper-Jamesian in subject and treatment, perilously near the ludicrous in presenting the cult of "taste." The Forsaken Temple is on a maturer plane, with increasing psychological insight, sincere and forceful—a bitter little drop of tragedy. In the title-story the terrifying power of circumstance over sentiment and the foredoomed illusion of a static bliss are strikingly shown. The least of these tales is dexterous, the best is very close to great.

The Connoisseur, by Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

MR. DE LA MARE is that rare combination, story-teller and poet. In this collection of tales the emphasis is upon the fantastic. The greater number are visions of moods more or less sombre or terrible, but one—The Nap—stands out as a lovely and subtle portrait of a soul. The artistry of this picture depends not at all—as do the others to some extent—upon elaborate imagery. Although the setting heightens and accentuates every beauty in the subject the effect is achieved by means of contrast with sordid conditions, material and spiritual. The décor is there—Mr. de la Mare is too pictorial a poet to dispense with it—but it is only the drab surroundings of "ordinary" life become translucent to his clairvoyance. The other tales are in the writer's more familiar vein—weird, shadowy, macabre and extravagantly fanciful. To this reader they were very unequal in interest, but there is no disputing that all are the work of an artist.

The Baker's Cart and Other Tales, by Gerald Bullett. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

IT is unusual to find in a single volume of an author's tales such variation in quality as The Baker's Cart reveals. The range is from the cheaply fantastic of Queer's Rival and the jejune cynicism of Attitudes to the captivating whimsy of The Last Days of Binnacle, the irony and tenderness of the title-story, and the almost unbearable poignancy of Prentice. Mr. Bullett shows a sensitive and venturesome fancy, insight into emotional significances and a keen ironic sense. It is a pity he should ever be satisfied with mere smartness and passional shoddy. But the high points in the total score carry the average very much above the usual run of short stories.

East of Mansion House, by Thomas Burke. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

LIMEHOUSE again, and the manufacturing districts—in the familiar, and no doubt true, colors. The sinister, the malignant and the unseemly-tragic succeed each other in these stories, only one or two of which reach the level of dramatic verisimilitude that won applause for Limehouse Nights. White Wings has poignant beauty and reality, in exotic setting; The Purse reveals a measure of irony and pity, and Crash, for sardonic circumstance, recalls the early Indian-journalist Kipling. But the final impression is that Mr. Burke's vein of inspiration has been pretty completely worked out and that the cost of production in effort is disproportionately high.

The Happy Ghost, by H. H. Bashford. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS is a rather tantalizing group of stories, since from some twenty pleasant, readable tales—lightly imaginative, humorous, somewhat but very well mannered, three or four stand out as really vigorous bits of narrative art. One or two are witty and whimsical, and one—The Human Factor—has striking dramatic value. Farquarson is skilfully blood-chilling, and God and the Bud-Openers is delicately satirical. But the greater part are only a little better than mediocre, and one hopes comparatively insignificant as prophecies of Mr. Bashford's capacity.

The Smoking Leg, by John Metcalfe. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

THOSE who hunger for horror can savor every variety to the point of surfeit in this collection of uncanny tales. The author's predisposition towards the abhorrent manifests itself with the oppressive fatality of a nightmare. For some this quality will give the book a fearful fascination—for others the repulsive character of the incidents related will offset any æsthetic satisfaction felt in a successful imaginative effort.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

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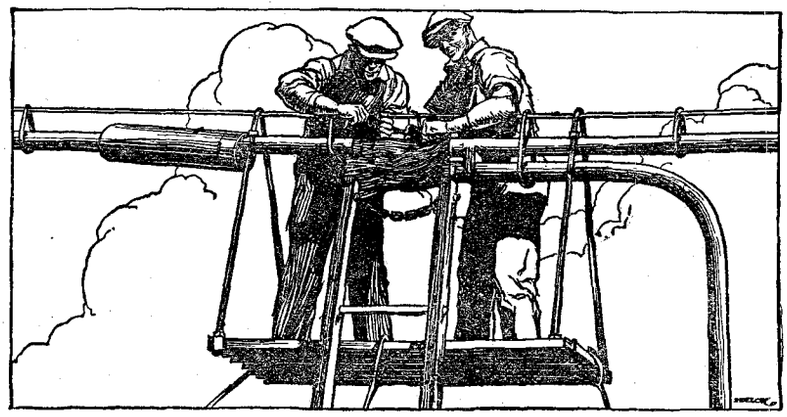

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